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JULY 12, 1972

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE



IN THIS ISSUE:

ROLLING STONES AT RFK
JANE FONDA/F.T.A.
ROY BUCHANAN AT CARNAGIE HALL
AND ANOTHER DYNAMITE CALENDAR



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Beginning with this issue, Beth Burkhardt will be writing about modern dance for WOODWIND. She is a member of Washington Dancers In Repertory.

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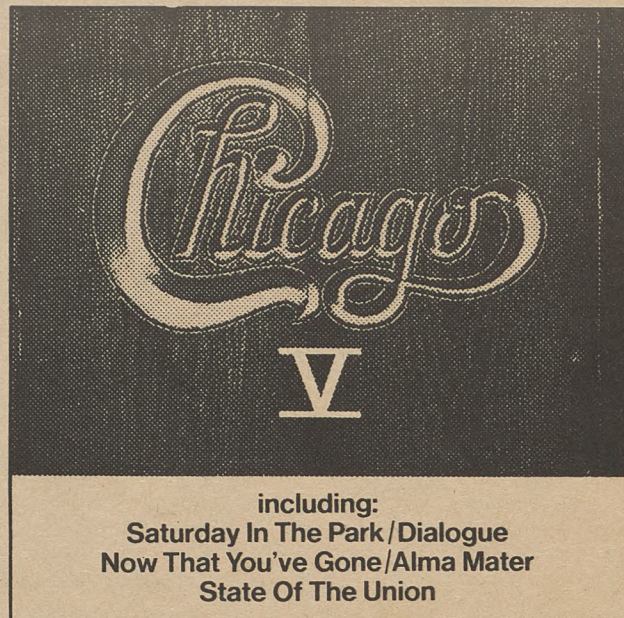
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THE TRUTH HURTS

[[[INFORMATION BOX]]]

[Wherein are presented the facts of the case]

During November and December, 1971, Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Len Chandler (singer/composer), Mike Alaimo (Brooklyn-born actor, one-time member of San Francisco Mime Troupe), Pamela Donegan (writer, actress, dancer), Rita Martinson (singer/composer), and Yale Zimmerman (pianist, composer, teacher; currently employed by Los Angeles County to work with handicapped children), toured Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan and Okinawa where they presented 21 performances of a political entertainment entitled "The F.T.A. Show." F.T.A. used to stand for "Fuck The Army" and was an early rallying cry of the G.I. movement. The show was aimed at American military personnel, especially those who are opposed to an American presence in Southeast Asia.

The "F.T.A." troupe brought with them to the Pacific a 15 member film crew to record the tour for the purpose of making a feature film. That film, entitled "F.T.A.," has been assembled, (softened to "Free The Army") and is being distributed by American International Pictures (AIP). It is due for release in this area on July 18.

To publicize the movie, AIP arranged for the "F.T.A." troupe members to make a national promotional tour in conjunction with advance press screenings of "F.T.A." It was anticipated that the performers would grant interviews to the press in the major cities in this country.

In connection with this promotional tour Jane Fonda and Len Chandler (a black singer/composer and member of the troupe) spent Tuesday, June 27, in a suite at the Madison Hotel in downtown Washington, meeting the press. Kirk Cheyfitz was assigned to interview Jane Fonda.

There is an old story about three blind men who were led up to examine a huge elephant. The first man touched the elephant's trunk and exclaimed, "Aha, it is a large snake." The second man grabbed hold of the elephant's tail and said, "Oh no. It is a tiny mouse." The last man approached the elephant's vast leathery flank and after a moment, said, "You are both wrong; it is an immense rock."

That, to me, is journalism; and as far as I'm concerned all three of those men were sent by the Washington Post to interview that elephant. Let me give you another example; another story.

Jane Fonda & friends hold certain political beliefs. They decide to align themselves with the G.I. movement which, they believe, embodies their political philosophy.

To help bolster the G.I. movement and at the same time to spread their political beliefs they produce a show and they take it to the Pacific Rim (see information box above). In addition, to spread their views and the "truth"

about the war in Vietnam to the general public here at home, they make a movie of the tour for domestic distribution. Throughout all this, their motives are political motives (the emphasis is mine).

AIP (see information box) takes the movie and decides to distribute it. AIP does this because it feels that it can make a lot of money by doing it. AIP's motives are financial.

To insure publicity for the film, and more money for the corporate treasury, AIP asks Jane Fonda to travel around the country giving personal interviews to selected journalists. To insure publicity for the film, and the widest possible audience for her political beliefs, Jane Fonda agrees to undertake all this exhaustive travelling.

Enter the blind man; the journalist; me. I am motivated by the desire to get a "good story." In particular I want to find out more about Jane Fonda the person. I want a deep, intense, personal interview.

But when I arrive at the interview an interesting phenomenon takes place. The publicity man, whose fee is paid by AIP, tells me that I am there to find out about a movie. And Jane Fonda evades my first question and delivers an unsolicited performance on the war and American imperialism. (More about that in a minute.)

My alternatives are few and all bad. I can grab the beast's trunk and shout "Aha, a great new film." Or I can go for the tail and say, "A terrifically right-on political philosophy." But either way, although I've got a part of it, I miss the true identity of the animal altogether. And if I continue to grope at the mammoth's side looking for some "real" person I am sure to be defeated by my limited grasp and I will be left with nothing (I just can't get to "know" someone in an hour, especially not with the assigned roles of "journalist" and "star" working against me.)

I have not seen the movie F.T.A. and I was not assigned to review it. I was assigned to interview Jane Fonda. What I got from Fonda was a performance which dramatized her opposition to the war, etc. The performance was well rehearsed. All the familiar signs of her conviction and total commitment were present: the characteristic breathlessness; the flood of words; the high decibel range of rage and indignation. The only thing missing was the director's voice at the end saying "Cut."

I do not question Ms. Fonda's sincerity. The performance was well-motivated; there was nothing phony about it. But it was not a personal statement. I had come to her for a personal statement.

It is the editorial judgement of WOODWIND and myself that Jane Fonda's opposition to the war is not news. There are millions of Americans opposed to the war; Ms. Fonda is one of them. She has no special expertise or knowledge which makes her opinions on the present state of the American system any more noteworthy than anyone else's.

Jane Fonda is, however, a famous person and statements about herself are news.

With all of this in mind, I invite you to



read a brief listing of the highlights of the 70 minutes that John Burgess (WOODWIND staff) and I spent with Jane Fonda and Len Chandler.

At the outset Jane noticed that I was not taking notes. "My God!" she said, "You can't quote me. You'll just be using my words to state your own ideas." I assured her that I could remember, word for word,

whatever I wanted to of what she said. She accepted that.

Len Chandler said that there was no feeling of "competition" in the troop. He said that he never felt that he was taking a background position to Fonda and Sutherland, the two nationally known stars. "I was glad to perform with them because they could attract large crowds to hear me play and sing my dynamite songs," he said.

Jane said, "I love my brother very much but he's not the kind of person I'd go to for advice."

Jane and Len agreed that the movie was meant to be entertaining. They said that it was not a "heavy" diatribe, but that it was "educational." Jane said, "My father, who doesn't always agree with everything I do, was in tears at the end [of the film]. It's a very moving thing." Len said that the film was an "up" experience.

Jane said that one very fine thing about the movie was the comments made by G.I.'s who were fighting in Vietnam and were in a position to know what they were talking about.

Len said that John Burgess had very pretty red hair.

Jane said that some time ago she had decided to give up her career as an actress to become a full-time political organizer. She ment" and was told that she must continue her said that at that time she was approached by leaders of several segments of "the movement" was told that she must continue her career; must continue to be a star. "They said that the movement had enough invisible organizers," she said and that what the movement needed was public figures. Jane stated that her decision to continue acting and her decision to accept the Oscar for KLUTE were "political decisions" and she termed them as "sacrifices." She added that she enjoyed acting but hated Hollywood.

In conclusion, Jane Fonda urged everyone to "Get out and vote." in November.

Bv Kirk Cheyfitz



WOODWIND

The sudden news last November that Claude Jones was breaking up was a shock, to say the least. If there was one thing that always seemed certain, something that would be there when you wanted and needed it, it was the music of Claude Jones. Constantly making music for their friends in Washington, whenever and wherever possible, often for free. If you went to see them and liked their music, you were their friend.

So, when the realization hits you that in a little while there will be no Claude Jones, it is rather disconcerting. The decision to split came about a week after the band's legendary gig at the Sykesville, Md. Mental Hospital, following the departure of lead guitarist Happy Acosta. A couple of days after the announcement, (well, there really was no formal announcement, people just heard about it and passed around the bad news), Claude Jones played a scheduled weekend gig at Emergency. It was decided that the band would play one last week, the final days of the year, at Emergency, and break up after New Year's Eve.

In between sets on the Saturday night following the break up decision, lead singer Joe Triplett passed along the information that there would be a new band springing up soon out of Claude, actually, a new, old band. "We are going to re-form the Reekers," Joe said, "I'll be in it, Mike Henley, (Claude Jones' keyboard man), and Tom Guernsey."

The identities of the Reekers and Tom Guernsey can be best explained by delving back into the early and mid-sixties Washington rock 'n' roll history. In that era there were a couple of bands operating around town with primarily the same personnel, the Reekers and the Hangmen. The cornerstone of the two groups, who also used other names at various times, was guitarist Tom Guernsey (Sois), who played keyboards and wrote songs and later went on to do the same for Claude Jones. What usually distinguished the Reekers from the Hangmen was who was singing lead; if it was Joe Triplett, it was the Reekers, otherwise it was the Hangmen.

While the bands were playing in the area, Joe was away at college in Kentucky, and organ player Mike Henley was at Bard College in New York State. Mainly because of Joe's and Mike's academic commitments, the Reekers and/or Hangmen were only together with full personnel during the summer and various vacations.

In the early sixties the Reekers made a single, "Don't Call Me Flyface/Grindin'," which became a big local hit. It was getting airplay on all the big Top 40 stations in the area, but they caused nary a ripple anywhere else. The main reason for this was that the record was on a small label, Rujac Records, and it is difficult for a small label to effectively distribute a record outside its home area especially if they're only handling one record. The record was even pressed by hand in Baltimore. Tom went there to watch them do it, and it was a good thing because he soon realized that they were putting the labels on the wrong side of the records. Rujac probably did the best they could with the record, but if there was going to be a next record, it would have to be more than a home operation.

The Reekers/Hangmen were a fairly progressive band for their time; or at least different from other bands in the area. They were playing Tom's originals, which was all but unheard of in the realm of local bands at that time. They also played old rock 'n' roll, which was also not being done much then. They were doing Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, and Carl Perkins before it was fashionable. Remember, these songs were only seven or eight years old at the time.

Of course, in other ways, the Hangmen as they eventually came to be called more often, were similar to all other bands of the period. Along with originals and old rock 'n' roll, they played the hits of the day, which Tom says "didn't matter, because we liked a lot of them anyway as soon as they came out."

And they played basically the same type of gigs as other bands; in suburban clubs, high schools, and Catholic Youth Organization dances. They were also mainly a suburban band, not one of the many bands which proliferated the M Street bars of that era. One of the places they played a lot, which still exists today, was the Rabbit's Foot, a bar on Wisconsin Avenue near the district line. The bar evidently fashioned itself as appealing to a different clientele than the M Street places, sporting match books proclaiming "Georgetown, No. The Rabbit's Foot, Yes!"

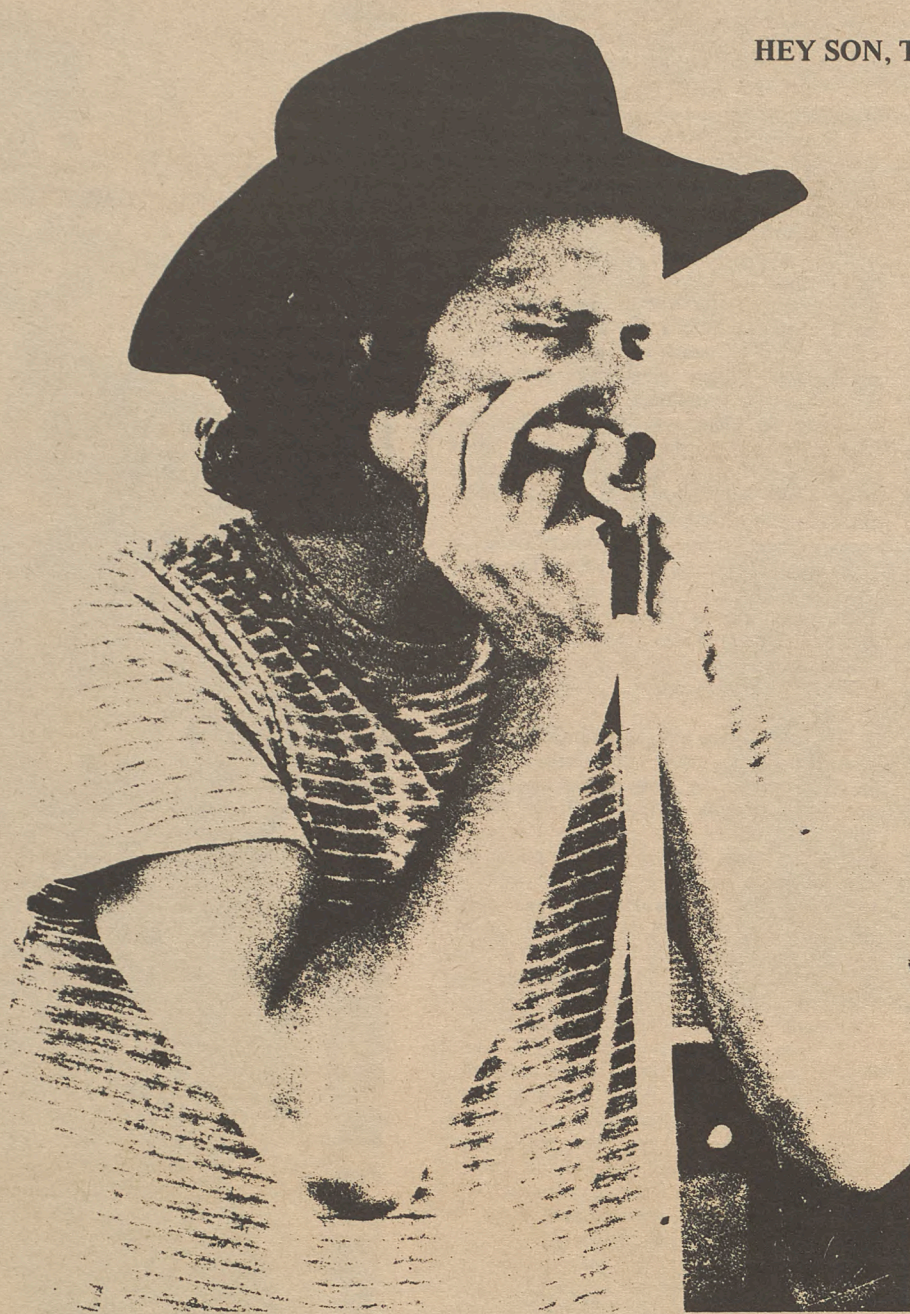
What was interesting about the geographical setting of the Hangmen's gigs was what happened in the way of publicity around the time they resumed recording in 1966. Their manager took demo tapes they had made to various record companies, looking for someone to buy the masters and record the band, and give it better promotion than could be provided by the likes of Rujac Records. The masters were bought by a Nashville label,

Monument Records, which is primarily known for its country recordings. They released a single by the Hangmen, "What A Girl Can't Do," and it had practically the same fate as "Don't Call Me Flyface." It was a bit of a hit in the Washington area, but Monument was too slow to pick up on it in other areas and the record hit in only a few other cities. The song was originally recorded by the Reekers with Joe and Mike, but it was later "given" to the Hangmen because both were still at school and therefore unable to promote the record.

Nevertheless, Monument decided to let the Hangmen do an album, and brought them to Nashville to record in their studios. They gave the band a room to themselves for four days to practice and work things out before they began recording. Many of the city's stellar studio musicians played on the sessions, including Charlie McCoy, who played harp on one of the tracks and whom Tom remembers as being very friendly and helpful. One of the more noteworthy occurrences to come out of the recording experience was the quote of Ray Stevens (he of "Gitarzan," etc., fame) who at the time was making his first hits—we could have done without like "Ahab The Arab" and was under contract to Monument. Ray was called in to lay down a trumpet track for one of the songs, and when listening to the playback and finding that his playing had been a taste flat, shrugged and remarked "Oh, well, it's close enough for rock 'n' roll."

The back of the album had some rather interesting, if untrue, notes; which were all part of the Hangmen's manager's publicity schemes. The band played the suburban circuit, never was a part of the Georgetown scene, but here were these liner notes about how they thrilled the crowds on the strip at M Street, and were "fathers" to the scene there, and then went into a description of some of the landmarks of Georgetown circa 1966, and... well, the Hangmen didn't particularly feel great about this not-so-honest hype, after all, people in Ohio or someplace might not know or care, the difference, but what about the people in Washington?

Not long after the experience of the album Tom left the band and it finally broke up. Although at the time he was going to college and living off what he made in the band, he remembers it as a very hassled and paranoid



HEY SON, THE REEKERS ARE COMING!

By Bruce Rosenstein

with the band about 14 months — decided he would definitely leave. He didn't like some of the Claude Jones material, and had refused to record some of the songs the band had proposed for an album. They asked Tom to replace him, but he declined, so they decided to just give it up and branch off into their own directions, but not blocking out the possibility that someday Claude would happen again. Mike says "We still jam together, so now it's more like a hobby. I still have visions of us getting together again someday."

So now, like it or not, Claude Jones is a thing of the past — though far from forgotten. But fear not: the people of the Washington area, and hopefully people around the country are going to have some more, first-rate music coming with the Reekers back again.

Except for one hurried, not-quite-gig in March, the Reekers have yet to perform officially. That gig just resulted as a favor to someone, and was done for fun, just for the sake of playing. The band was careful not to

invite friends since this wasn't official, certainly not the debut of the band. [See WOODWIND, March 21, 1972] For one thing, the band still does not have a rhythm section; they've been practicing without one, and for the March gig — and the initial recordings they've done at Track studios — they've been using Grin's rhythm section of drummer Bob Berberich (who was one of the original Hangmen/Reekers) and bassist Bob Gordon.

Also, they are having the standard hassles of a new band with equipment and finances. Tom's equipment isn't holding up and it takes bread to buy new stuff; at the moment bread is not plentiful. Joe's had to take a full time job to bring in some cash and the band is contemplating some quick jobs before they're really ready in order to raise the necessary money for good equipment.

It seems to me to be rather degrading to be excellent at what you do and still be broke. As Jesse Winchester so eloquently expressed it in his song "Payday," which was part of Claude's repertoire, "I'll tell you one thing, Jack/You listen when your stomach speaks."

They may do some Claude Jones' songs like "Country Hymn" and "Reminiscent Of You." However, partly out of respect to the way Claude played them and partly out of being plain tired of still playing those songs, most of the material will be originals and re-workings of older rock songs, not necessarily fifties rock, but a lot of things from the early and mid-sixties that are a forgotten but valuable part of rock's development. This could be the most interesting and important aspect of the Reekers. There's going to be new rearranged versions of songs like "California Sun," old Beatles' tunes like "Slow Down" and Sam Cooke's "Let The Good Times Roll." That, plus some fifties rockers like Buddy Holly's "That'll Be The Day" and Gene Vincent's "Be-Bop-A-Lula" should make for a make a lot of exciting music and good times.

They've got some fine original material worked up; Joe's got a great country ballad, "Been A While," and Tom's got some beautiful songs like "The Night Time Of My Life" and "Griff Drank The Wine," a Chuck Berry-styled rock item. They will also be doing a very special, beautiful song written by John Guernsey, "Flowers Were In Season." It is about the night Claude Jones played the Halloween Dance of the Sykesville Mental Hospital. Also referred to as "Sykesville Revisited," the song also serves as a sequel to "Sykesville" on Claude's mini-album.

Joe's going to do the lead singing, with Tom and Mike working in as many harmonies as possible. Mike will play organ and piano, Tom on lead, and Joe will also play rhythm guitar, something he would have liked to have done in Claude Jones.

So, if you've been feeling bad about the void left by Claude Jones' demise, and you're itchin' to put your rock 'n' roll shoes back on, get ready son, because the Reekers are coming soon. And they are worth the wait.

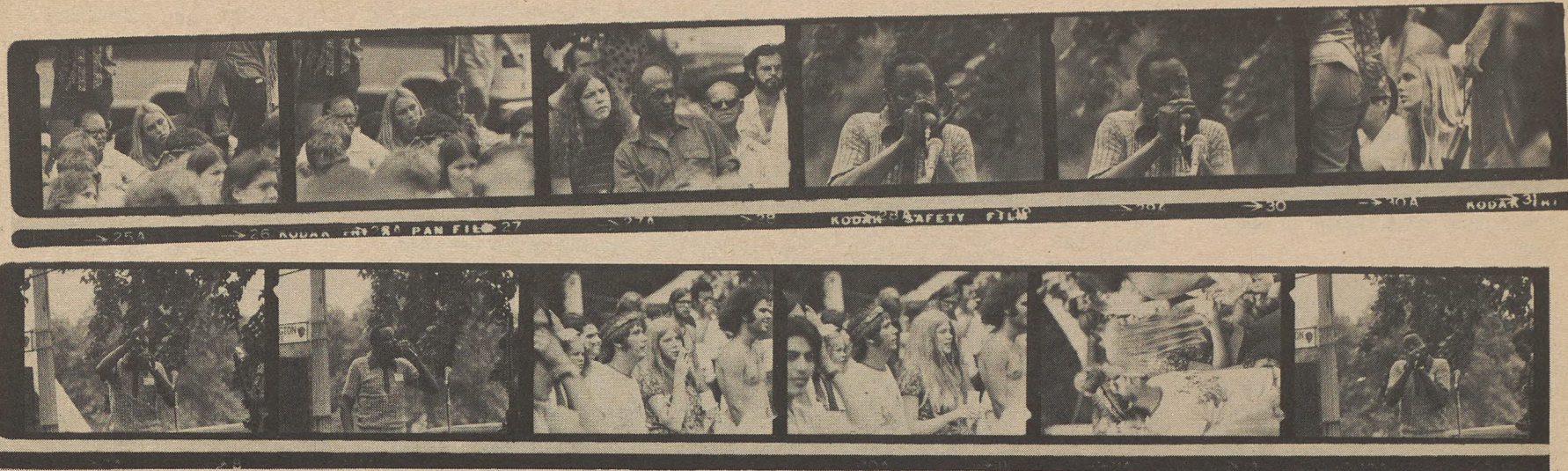
This dichotomy of style didn't forshadow a breakup much before it happened, though. scene, with everyone continually worried about everything from losing their jobs on down to what they were wearing on stage, with Tom being criticized for wearing boots and work shirts. So, Tom split, and except for one very brief venture into rock 'n' roll in 1968 with Henley in a group called the Garrett Park Market, Tom didn't return to a band until now, with the revitalized Reekers.

From mid-1968 to New Year's Eve, 1971, there was that glorious period of Washington rock 'n' roll that was Claude Jones. Good things don't seem to last, and that applied to Claude. Although there was nothing evident to the observer in the audience, there were things wrong internally with Claude Jones, things which eventually played a role in the band's breakup. There were the hassles of being such a large band, seven members, and the problems involved in making decisions with that many people and still remaining democratic. Not to mention paying salaries to all those people, including their manager, road manager and Claude, who did sound and took care of all electrical problems. Everyone was a vital member of the band and everyone was paid.

In addition, there existed in Claude Jones two divergent factions of musicians. One part of the band wanted to be more loose about its playing, favoring less practice on each song so that it wouldn't lose spontaneity; and then there was the tougher, more didactic school whose principal proponents were Triplett and Henley. Joe and Mike wanted more practice, more work on the material, to get it absolutely right so nothing would go wrong on stage. Joe recalled many times that "we'd do songs on stage that we hadn't practiced much, and they would come out sounding awful and then nobody would want to do them again." It's hard to pin down who was in the more cosmic camp of playing, because its membership vacillated. What usually happened — according to Joe and Mike — was that one side would give into the other and say "okay, we'll try it your way this time." Henley thought Claude Jones played badly 75% of the time, "but the other 25% made up for it."

During the summer, Joe, Sois and Mike had decided they would quit, but later reconsidered. In November Happy — who had been

FESTIVAL FOLKS



A CULTURAL PHENOMENON

Fourth of July weekend in Washington was fireworks, picnics, rain, the Rolling Stones, and the Festival of American Folklife. The Smithsonian Folklife Festival is nothing short of a cultural phenomenon. For five days, people from all over the country — the world actually — of all different ages, came to The Mall to listen to many varieties of music; observe numerous craftsmen at work; watch demonstrations of how many of things are made or put together.

The Folklife Festival is free, in that you don't have to pay anything to get in, but they've got lots of things for you to pay for once you're there. You can pay \$.50 for a program, or \$.25 for cider, or you can spend money for hot dogs, pretzels, beer, soda, and whatever else they're selling.

But, unlike most other places you don't have to spend money to have a good time. All you have to do is wander around and dig what is going on.

Tuesday, the Fourth of July and the Festival's final day, I was waiting for the Fiddlers' Convention to begin, over at one of the three stage areas, listening to the incredible Jean Ritchie sing lovely mountain folk ballads while playing the dulcimer, and I wanted to stay and listen to her as long as she was on stage, but there was just so much going on that I split the stage area and headed to another stage where the almost as incredible Rosalie Sorrells was finishing one of her many sets of the Festival. I had found out that the Fiddlers' Convention was being delayed almost two hours so WETA-TV could set up their filming crews.

From another stage I could hear the sound of boogie woogie, and made my way over there, where I found the scene to be oppressively crowded. Although I didn't get to see him, it was Hound Dog Taylor, a musician of supposedly blues, but he's also got a lot of rock and roll in his guitar, and the crowd loved him. I came in on the end of his set, and it wasn't till nearly a half-hour later that the Fiddlers' Convention began, but that comes later in the story.

Every year a different state is featured; this year it was none other than Maryland, which made things mighty convenient. Governor Mandel is said to have dropped in on the festivities, but I never seemed to catch him.

In the course of wandering and plodding through the ever present mud, you could catch snatches of any number of family arguments, especially from tourist families, who can argue and fuss with the best of them; watch fathers yelling at their kids and kids yelling at their fathers; listen to the announcement of lost kids; and marvel at the long string of lines for food and drinks.

Now last year, in the course of my wanderings, I came across a good number of

"underground workshops" of musicians; very talented people who maybe weren't "professionals" and weren't performing on stage, but brought along their guitars and fiddles and banjos and mandolins and harmonicas and jews harps and gathered around shaded trees and other semi-isolated areas to do some picking. I remember that last year there were more of these underground workshops than this year, but the ones that did spring up this year provided some powerfully good, pure, music.

Sunday afternoon a jam was going on starting with a couple of fiddles and a mandolin, and then a guitar joined, then more spectators, another fiddle, more spectators, another guitar, another fiddler, more spectators. . . until there were 13 musicians tearing away at tunes like "Flop-Eared Mule" and "Fire On The Mountain" and a large crowd of people. Then some older cat comes up and says "Okay, let's all square dance!"

The fiddle was the king of the instruments at the Folklife Festival; and this year, for the first time in D.C. in the past 50 years, there was a Fiddlers' Convention.

The winner of the bluegrass solo division, Jeff Wison, had the large crowd mesmerized by his virtuosity on "Fire On The Mountain" and "Orange Blossom Special"; the people gave him an extended ovation and cries for an encore, but because of the time element and unfairness to other competitors, such a request was impossible to honor.

There were some out of the ordinary aspects to the competition, too. Like one long-haired contestant who came on stage in a blue and red World War II helmet with his name painted on it. He was good, and extremely cocky and self-assured, and after opening with a driving "Sally Gooden" he came out and did a slow blues with his guitar accompanist. Then there was the band that added a political element to the festivities with a perfectly scathing Nixon satire "Win One For The Gipper" which they announced was "commissioned by John Mitchell as one of last acts of office." Another band did a bluegrass version of the 'fifties rock and roll song "Party Doll."

I left the fiddlers and my last attraction at the Folklife Festival was some very hard-hitting union songs at the Union stage; including "Joe Hill" sung by the song's author, Earl Robinson, who wrote it 36 years ago. After joining in on the chorus of "Solidarity Forever," it was time to go, full of some nice memories, and as last year, looking forward to next year's Fourth of July weekend and another Cultural Phenomenon in Washington, Dee Dee.

By Bruce Rosenstein

CHICAGO BLUES

Any hard core rock 'n' roller worth his salt can tell you that his first love evolved from the roots planted long ago and watered lovingly with the passion and spirit of the Mississippi bluesmen.

But depending on your age you might not be able to get any further back into the blues than Janis Joplin, then again you may dip back for some early B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, or even Victoria Spivey.

And because most of that comes to you via records few listeners get a chance to get close to the real blues like those that came out of the Mississippi Delta region before travelling north to Chicago's urban blues bars. That is, unless you happened to make it down to the Smithsonian's Sixth Annual Festival of American Folklife. For five days you could sit your sunny disposition on soggy ground under cloudy skies and listen while old hands like Houston Stackhouse, Sunnyland Slim, Carl Martin, Walter Vinson, Eugene Powell, and Sam Chatmon handclapped and footstomped their way through the blues in solos, twos and threes.

But while the blues event was a n. or attraction for the thousands who visited The Mall, one name stood out in memory as being familiar. The Mississippi Shieks.

Sam Chatmon, as I learned, is the last of the original band that became the Shieks. He's a spry youngster at age 73. Originally, he was a member of a nine man band called The Chatmon Brothers Band, (Many people still confuse Peter Chatman, aka Memphis Slim, as once having been a member, but Sam quickly put those thoughts to rest.

In 1918, one of the brothers was killed and a fellow named Walter Vinson was asked to join.

The band gigged around the Delta until sometime in the '20's (Sam wasn't quite sure just when) when they changed their name to The Mississippi Shieks. Soon after that they signed with OK Records and cut a tune they'd written called "Sittin' On Top Of The World" which has continuously been miscredited to Howlin' Wolf.

Although the rest of the information Sam relayed to me is spotty, it should be of some value to blues fans.

In 1934 or '35 the band did some recordings for RCA at the Edwards Hotel in Jackson, Mississippi.

By 1936 they had been signed by Bluebird Records and had cut a few tracks at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans.

Since then he has recorded off and on around the country, the most recent session being last February in Chicago.

His current album is available on Blue Goose Records, 54 King Street, NYC 10014.

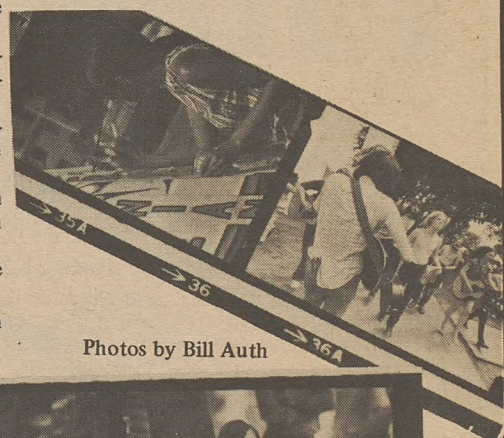
By Michael Hogan

WOMEN'S WORKSHOP

"Songs as Women Sing and See Them" brought together Rosalie Sorrells, Louise Foreacre, Alice Seeger, and Jean Ritchie and gave them an opportunity to express themselves collectively. They all seemed to have strong, almost stern characters, expressing a profound sense of their own worth.

Alice Seeger spoke about her career and noted some observations she had made about her sister performers. "I don't know if we were always strong women. At some point you go out and do what you're going to do. Playing music is just one of those things. . . . The women who are here, especially the older women, are in a much calmer frame of mind, not quite so worried because it's something they've been doing for a long time. . . . I think one of the things that brings them here as musicians is that they have some kind of a strength that enables them to decide to do something and then actually do it. I don't know what that is. I just don't know.

While talking further Alice emphasized the prominence of women who have played in country music, pointing out that there are great barriers for women in Bluegrass and in Rock. This prompted her to discuss the current Women's Movement. She had some criticisms of the movement for ignoring the women "in Topeka with the screen door banging and the coffee boiling over." She emphasized the need for the Movement to avoid intellectualizing the problems of women rather than urging women to deal in a personal manner with the genuine needs which they feel. "That's why a Festival like this where you get a tremendous cross-section of people is valuable. People can see different life styles, alternatives. Every Festival is now beginning to have a Women's song workshop. The point is not to make a political statement. We don't have to really say anything. We're there together, we appreciate each other, we respect each other, we really like each other. The old women, the young women — it's really a nice thing."



Photos by Bill Auth



Nomenclature To Running Boy

by David Wham

[Ed. note: WOODWIND has previously published several sections of David Wham's novel, FOR RACHEL IN THE RAIN. The following is an excerpt from another novel, thusfar untitled, upon which Wham is currently working.]

Who said he would not write any more, but should not be believed because he always will; because the words become him, all the self-abusing surrealism that he puts in his words and suddenly he is running down a street past American University since there are no cabs and it's raining like hell in a slow drizzle and he is afraid at last of having a heart attack because you aren't supposed to sprint from A.U. to Georgetown when you're 34, not if you chain-smoke out of past grief and suffering like our dear hero — who stands 6' 4" in his stocking feet but crouches half-ashamed so as to make it more like 6' 3" and is incapable of giving the girls what they want if he doesn't love them, which is hard at this present time because of all the life and children that have poured through him in an insanity and excess of a decade of kisses and tender promises. But that's all right; he doesn't give a fuck any more because of what happened just the afternoon before when he lay on the soft and torn and besmitten gold of this true girl, who looked like an 18-year-old child housewife back in Centralia hanging out the wash when he drew back her hair and surprised her eyes and the moving flecks of feckless freckles, because she never knew anyone could or would ever like her simple;

so he is running on New Mexico Ave. because he's just left her off and kissed her outside the art department, which he had no right to do, but which she wanted him to do;

and, running, he grows madder and sadder insane and insensible inside himself, not because he wants to push her, but because he wants to catch her as she falls — and he thinks of all the bitter little whores in the houses that he's running past and other houses and how they all thought he was such

a horse's ass because love was possessing and he never seemed to possess anyone very long or very meaningfully. And they were right, weren't they; possessing each other in their little kitty-litter houses of well-made marriages as he ran by in a slow and impersonal wild rainfall?

and, not because he wants to, but because he has to in order to keep his 34-year-heart still clanging after a solid parkland mile of dead-heat running, he begins to think of baseball again — of playing in the infield, which he hated to do, in a dead day against Brown U., and about how he really fucked up one easy ground ball by getting in there and hunching down and trying to possess the ball, squirting out of his hands and bounding off for a two-bag error; and that was not how you did it, he got pissed off enough to know; how you did it was you came loping slow and easy and just gave your hands to the ball which went into them, so nice;

thinking about her at the table, proud and destroyed, her hands going into this awful tremble when she looked at him, and he thought, what have you done you mother-fucker? and for a moment thought he was going to cry right there in the goddam Longworth Cafeteria, and then, no, not crying, looked away, she was so good and decent;

and my God he was proud to be around her and not heavy-headed, numb, vague, a prig; but running, really running as she said, laughing with him, "as the true dog runs."

But this won't do. It is not enough to get inside yourself for an unpressured bout of literary running, living the past in the present and waggering out old deeds.

So he pushes himself out all the way, running for her now, running if she could just be there and know the simple deed of needing finally to do it, not simply talk about it; pushes himself out so that he will authentically have that heart-attack now if he didn't mean what he was saying.

And he sees her, oh not her, not her back in the cafeteria with that bluish, bemused and blinded look, as though the waters were rising into the veins of a drowned girl's face; no, he

sees her when she was thirteen, a skinny, freckle-faced kid who cried when her father left the house and resolved, solemnly, to be strong and to never have to rely; who used to go around in the house barefoot on summer afternoons carrying trays of ice and laughing and thinking about the stars in their courses, her wonderful cheeks drawn up into frantic freckles and her teeth gapped;

and going through the drizzly park, where the tree trunks were icy pines and loomed like holy, riven ghosts around his running, he thought of her bent down and smashed when her father died, transplanted just to another place, a college, on scholarship; and how she used to hang in various places with various people after that, and had her first affair, or maybe her second; and how — with her father dead — it was always mutual interests that counted because she was going to be strong, she was not going to speak of the great welling loneliness that was within her; she wasn't going to be a little girl;

no, he runs really fast now, trying to get it out of him, trying to spew off the agonized compassion for her that burns and screams with every forced breath within him; he runs knowing very well what her great straining back is like over him and the weight of her so solid and there that there can be no metaphor, no words for her, only him going into half-shocked wonder as she says his name softer and then the night-softness of her lips kissing him; and he really runs now. . . because suddenly he knows what he's done and how she feels; and how he likes to call her a little bitch, not disdainfully at all, but because she has always been the tall and strong and supporting one and she misses being little and held;

oh, there is no deal that can be worked out in the guise of love, he knows, as he runs down Tunlaw, down the steep and vacant hill with all the apartments to the side away from the trees seeming dark and poisoned with certainties about love and marriage — or at least about marriage — he does not want to know,

and turns left at Beecher, his legs gearing tired now, within three blocks of Wisconsin Avenue, not jogging, running — running like you've got to run if you really care — and he has half a mind to stop because it is too much, but he will not let himself; coming up Beecher he sees the apartment of his clean and Catholic friends where he and his second wife used to go for parties and dinners, coming down the

road sedately like the nice, safe, ungriving, possessive little shits they were; and he cries. "Fuck you, Joan and Dave! You can't give and love 'worth a fuck anyway!'"

And then suddenly he has it all clearly in his head as he runs, dodging around yellow-slickered tiny children police at the corner by the school, whirling and staring around at him with wonder and love that children have for truly, wildly monstrous and beautiful beings and escapees, the father of them all for the moment; yes, he's got it all in his head through his running, but is pissed off that the bastard is leaving the whole thing on her of getting her mother out of the asylum this time; how she cringes to be small and held and helped on this as in love; but, shit, she probably terrified him with her authority, her Dutch-treat way of everybody standing up for themselves, please; although in her soul she didn't really want it that way — and never had.

So he didn't think about the other guy any more; running, he thought about himself; he thought about her and himself and how it truly shouldn't — that after ten years and two marriages of getting the real, not the play-act, shit knocked out of him he could really give as a man gives, as her father had and she had wanted if from everyone afterwards, like his — the runner's — own sweet and bluish baby daughter had put it to him: "Way up the sky." And how he prayed to God she would stop hurting and knitting herself up with guilt, not alone because her wanting had gone down into a defeat of commitments and she had begun to tread the public halls of Congress like some soft and capitulated sleeping beauty when, suddenly, she met the runner.

He hoped, running, that she wouldn't have to break or turn hard from failing to put a label on herself — because giving was loving and possessing was not and it didn't mean that you didn't love someone or they didn't love you if they only possessed you, it only meant it was a bad marriage and there was no giving, only loneliness; and he himself had been smashed twice to know that so he should have it down pretty well — it was no bad thing; he wouldn't otherwise be running and desperate and alive in the grey, dumb, cableless streets of upper Georgetown. And he truly wished she would get straight and come onto him now as he tripped off the curb and saw her lying all gold and wanting to awake in the puddles of the street, and suddenly he was terribly over her, praying that she would move.

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Woodwind

JULY FOURTH FIREWORKS

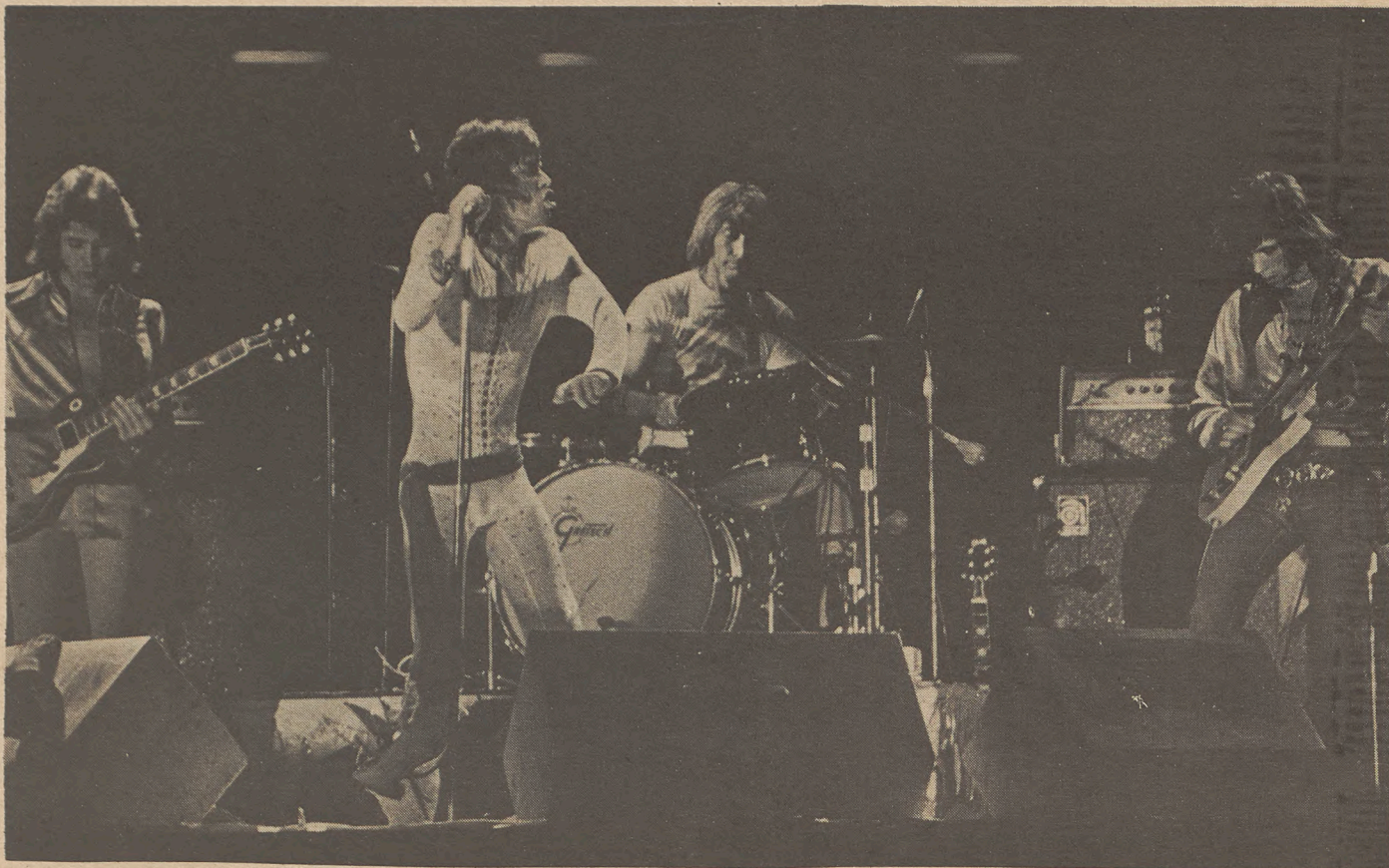
CONCEPT: The responsibility of the writer who accepts the job of covering an event as magniloquent as a Stones' concert is immense. To an audience of 45,000-plus, that concert (or more definitively, that celebration) was a point of historical proportions in their personal life experience. So to do the event justice, it would be important to relate to the event as history, an historical event in the lives of every audience member including the writer. But some of the hacks that sat in the press box were totally oblivious to even the most basic concept of witnessing local history. And thus, their renditions of the actuality of the event are rendered defenseless. This piece may seem like a "tell the truth, dammit" kinda thing but it's either too late or too early to start accepting any definitions of motives.

The date, July 4th, is significant in that on the most widely used brand of calendar (the ones with the squares and the numbers in the upper left-hand corner, with fishdays in color) July 4th is subtitled Independence Day and if independence isn't a right-on-revolution word, I'll eat nails. If no relating occurs from that, think of fireworks.

((July 4 - Fireworks))
-Rolling Stones-
((Fireworks - July 4))

Fireworks are usually independent once they're lit and often this freedom of movement and the time distance between lightening and explosion caused serious hassle to the party at the explosion end. Half-an-ounce of forethought and a bit less of the thrill-seeker trip could have caused fewer temporary heart-attacks and less burns, but in the same breath, the organizational structure should and probably could have seen to a fireworks display in the area beyond the stage that would have satisfied the mass's desire for flashes. Fireworks, being one of the few (and minor) problems that occurred July 4th, are hereby dismissed.

D.C. police are not that bad, and except for the relatively miniscule percentage that had actual confrontation with the blue boys, most people agree that their easiness added to the overall mellowness of the day. At some gates police were checking purses and packs for bottles and cans. Beyond the initial fright reaction to some cop finding all your partying stash, their preventive gestures largely contributed to the ring of trash (mostly bottles, cans and styrofoam coolers) that surrounded the stadium. Some people were hip enough to go up to the next gate where nobody was checking anything, others - the trashers - guzzled their suds and berries on the outside lawn and since there existed a shortage of recepticals they became litterbug lowlife.



One scooter cop popped a scalper, taking his 10 or 15 tickets and offering them to needy passers-by for free. Another shouted up to a spiderman-cat burglar to take it easy so he don't fall down and cause trouble. But aside from all the niceties, someone should explain to the stadium cleanup crews that those huge puddles of sticky liquid with piles of broken glass and empty cans were the workings of the law.

Scalpers who had bought bundles of tickets for \$5.50 each planning to turn them for \$10, \$20, and \$30 were shocked to find many tickets still available from real freaks for cost only. The wise buyer needed only to spend about 5 minutes walking around the stadium perimeter to catch onto how competition drove prices down. But inside, the sanctioned scalpers selling Stones' memorials, boiled hot dogs and shitty sodas were unaffected by long hair free enterprise except for when people would exit from the In gate with their arms loaded up with soda - all for free. The sad state of liquid refreshment, by way of police confiscation and long-lined, high-priced, low quality soda, did not affect the crowd's temperament much as many of them sought

pleasure from earth weed. Reefers were as predominant as fingertips and often times white clouds were observed rising from the stadium into the blue sky ozone of our nation's capital (long may it wave). The dope situation per head seemed to run the entire rainbow of chemical alternatives. The usual July shortage of tea in D.C. showed its face as a rumor this year and out of 15,000 people questioned by this writer, all but three agreed that the place sure smelled good. Blatant flagrancy seemed to be the deciding factor in the few dope busts that took place (a figure decidedly small when placed next to 45,000), but in some areas the police realized this was a party and only groaned as they inhaled the lovely smell. Drug overuse put its share of kids out of commission, but booze gave the wooze and ooze to more than its share. After covering a Colombian reefer, I ran into a middle-aged, crew-cut topped cop who told me he had gotten his shoulder length hair cut off especially for the concert, but I couldn't make head nor tail out of what he actually meant so I left him alone, went and peed. Up in the press box in the sky, prominent members of Washington's underground music criticsers union including David Brinkley, members of the Jackson Five, Ahmet Ertegun and Stephani Otiz, sipped champagne bought for their pleasure by the Rolling Stones.

Meanwhile onstage the Dorothy Ellis (gospel) Singers with band did a fast-paced set that was only a spurt before the dam broke. It still being light in the atmosphere and a bit before the 8 p.m. showtime, plus people not knowing this wasn't Martha and The Vandellas made the set mostly time killing and energy gearing.

Stevie Wonder came on to a warm response from the audience especially those on the field, but people close to the stage often seem to be high energy, don't they? Stevie whipped out his synthesizer talents and blew a whole lotta minds way back. And he caught those left with his synthesized version of "Rockin' Robin," which is fastly gaining legendary status. Being beyond any color codes, the reaction the audience gave Stevie at the end of each song was a tribute to his talent.

Any hassles that might've crept up in such an event by way of poor set coordination was avoided by a well-paced three-ring circus (one ring at a time, please) made humanly possible by an ace stage crew worthy of roses. The stage announcing of Pip meet Zip rendezvous was abandoned after much abuse, 'til after the concert when it became more apparent as a psychological factor in modern crowd dispersal. Though the stage crew was literally roughed up for their heavy handling of people who made it onto the stage, the two main factors here are that the person trying to get on the stage at a Stones' concert, with its inaccessability planned, must realize they're playing a commando game and the other, that the stage crew is hired to protect both equipment and certain people. The osund system was amazingly high quality and added an entire world of difference to the concert. All of this and then the Stones.

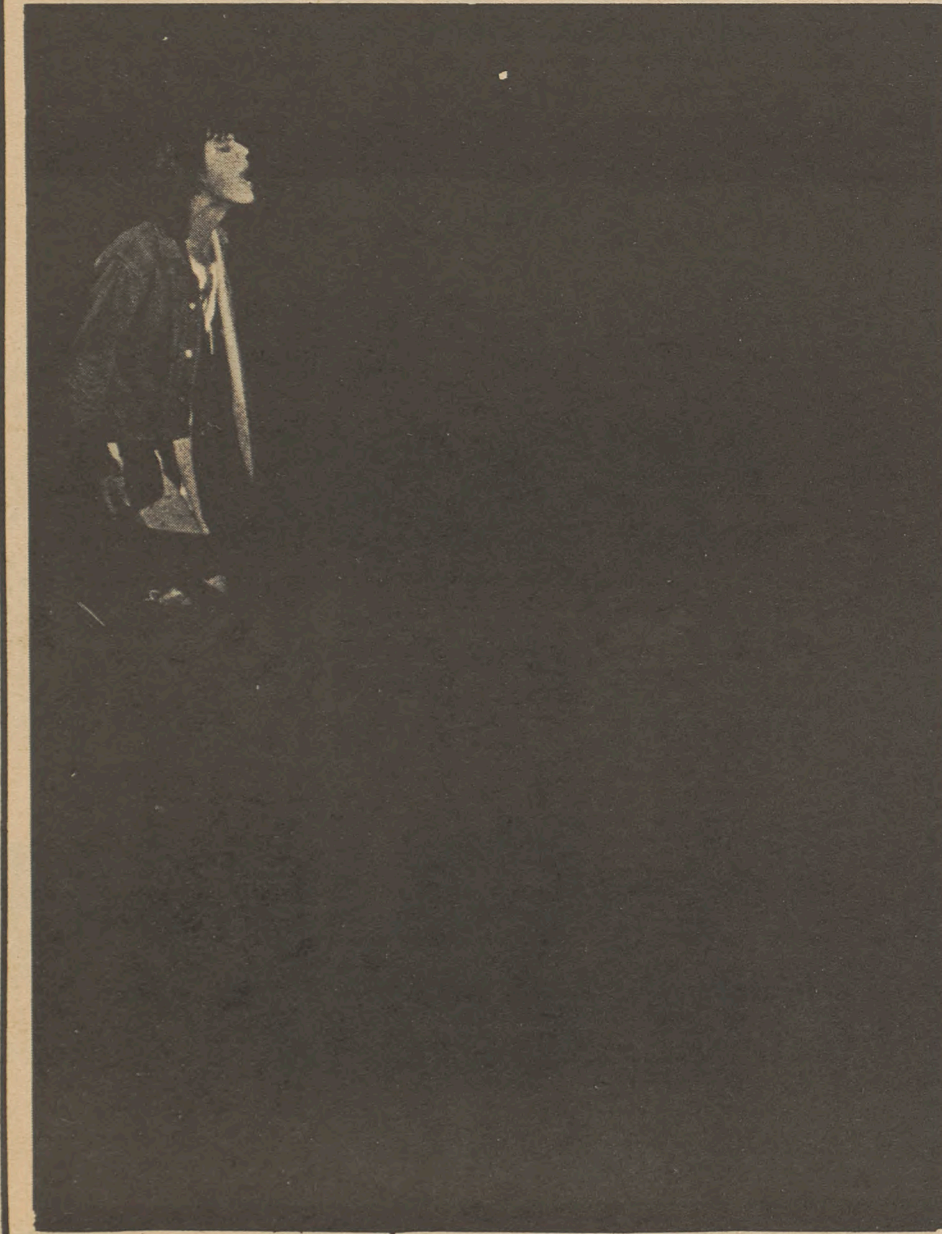
When their camper came down the road towards the stage, ripples of intensity were witnessed. Like swamp fever, as they got closer to the stage, the fever got higher. It was dark now, save for the occasional pipe-smoker's match, the audience was on the long



side of being satisfied. Jagger and THE band onstage, a first live vision for a majority of the 45,000 and the dam was broken. From the opening chords of "Brown Sugar" through a jukebox of old hits like everyone's favorites (though they did stick to post-Satanic tunes) plus an even dose of EXILE cuts, sounding much better live, with Price and Keys on horns so vital to certain songs and the master Nicky Hopkins on keyboards which occasionally gained sparkling prominence, the original Stones rhythm section - Watts and Wyman, and Taylor and Richards doing duets and trading leads and the King of America - Michael Philip Jagger.

When the Stones left the stage after more than an hour of at least some of the best and Jagger walked back to say thanks and good-night, the entire event was over. But memories are made of such stuff.

By Tim Hogan



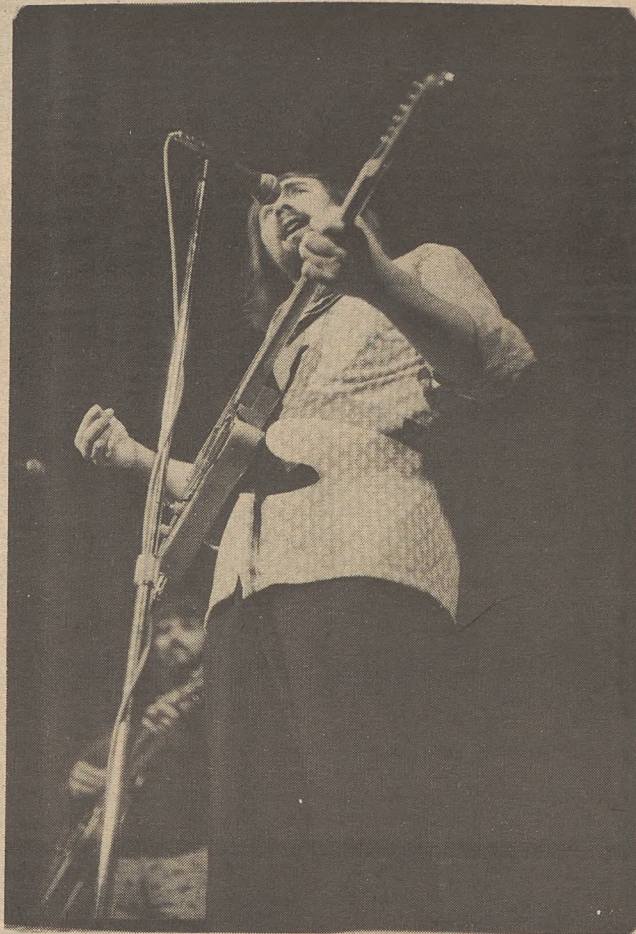
Woodwind

Roy Buchanan:

Magic

In The

Big Apple



PHOTOS by JOHN GOSSAGE

Roy Buchanan walked out smiling onto the stage of Carnegie Hall last June 22nd and invited the eager New York audience to sit back and believe in the magic.

He did so by letting them know the magic wouldn't come from music creating agitated nerve endings, hostility or bludgeoned ear drums; by first talking to the crowd, telling how he'd heard so much about the place but never thought he'd ever play there. By just laying down a warm, friendly rap, and offering music tumultuous within its rare calm.

He was nervous; in fact, he good humoredly pointed to heaven before diving into his first solo of the evening. The Snake Stretchers seemed even more nervous though. And why not. The near-capacity crowd was an unknown quantity with a geographical reputation for being very hard to please. All these people out there in the hall had either only heard of Buchanan or just caught the somewhat inconclusive NET television special about the guitarist.

But Roy seemed to set up the vibes right. Almost at once he turned Carnegie Hall with a wave of his guitar neck into just another night at the local club. And the crowd, all ears and tiptoes, just some mellow kids to share some good music with.

He played what his D.C. fans would say were standard Buchanan sets. Tunes like "Sweet Dreams," "Messiah"; a few Chuck Berry things, a few blues tunes; the inevitable "Hey Joe." But a few unexpected ones too, daring in their original state of triteness, such as "Color Him Daddy." Ah, but arising from the banality in bright, glowing lines from his Telecaster, like the rainbowed

Phoenix from an old, matted, worn-out nest.

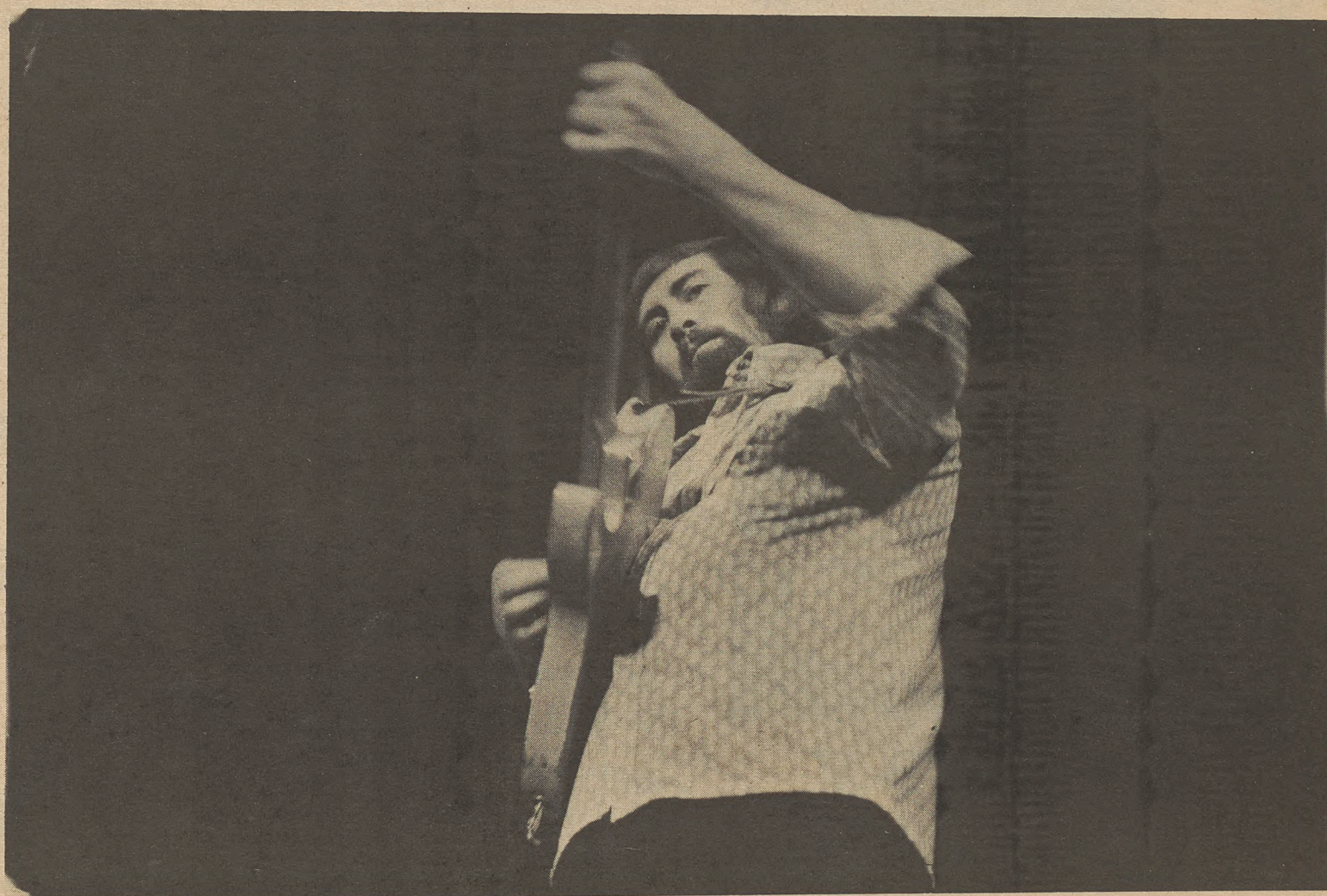
At least one would gather so from the three standing ovations, beginning with "Johnny B. Goode" of all things. (Perhaps New York audiences are not as jaded as we in the area might think.)

Vocalist Chuck Tilly was wailing well, regardless of the morning-after mumbings of the "swing" jazz critic from the *New York Times* whose odd sensibilities are most remembered by fans of pioneer modern jazz giants such as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. This Mr. Wilson thought be-bop music circa 1949 - 1954 was nonsense. Poor old man. Sad.

Anyway, at the end of the first part of the concert, Roy strolled out to the edge of the stage instead of walking off, squatting to talk one-to-one with young musicians who pried him with questions about finger positions and pickup settings and the like.

Buchanan worries a lot. Among other things he seems to think his easy-going way is an impediment to success. Evidently, the crowd didn't think so. People were cheering all over the place in the last half. Buchanan and the sound man also conferred and the PA volume on his small but amazing Fender amp was turned up. Later on, a *Rolling Stone* writer clocked the longest of the standing ovations at five minutes. Not bad for a man not out to clobber an audience into appreciation.

All in all, he evidently tucked all his worries in his pocket and just went on stage and did an evening's work. When it was over, he wore a big smile on his face and he walked off the stage, Telecaster balanced in one hand and a Schlitz in the other. So much for the bad Big Apple.



By T. Tabasco Tattle

Isn't it nice to see WMAL-TV trying to save Dick Cavett instead of their own broadcasting license for a change?

And wasn't it great to see Emmy Lou Harris and Friends packing them in at Mr. Henry's Roberta Flack Room! All the new faces in the crowd — were they due to the coincidental article in the Post's "Style" section just before the gig? Power of the Press, friends

The name Bing McCoy ring a bell? Well, he was the key-board whiz with Washington's Sageworth before he split to New York to join the Thirty Days Out group just in time to be prominently featured on their new album. Then that group broke up, so back to D.C. he came with some new cohorts, under the collective name of Zoot. Ah, but did the town take note of our wizard? Nope. Despite the dynamite gigs at Apple Pie and the local Emmy Show, all the Zoot people are having to locate grub work to keep afloat. Maybe Bing and his friends can learn a few Carpenter tunes and find a gig at one of the innumerable intimate swinglous lounges.

The new local fanzine paper Good Times recently ran a story on the legendary Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. Which almost convinced me until I saw the photo of the Commander. Who was not the Commander. But drummer Lance Dickerson. A commanding figure to be sure, but nevertheless a subordinate.

Is the Ventuno 21 nightclub television commercial for real, or did the production company just set out to make all of them look like Sad Slickos? "Thee quee-scene is soo-purp," says Dolly Poopsiedoop. "Whaa ayam ah huh-ear?" draws Sally Lou Southern in her best Murr-lin accent. "The mew-zic." And what's the band playing through blinding Crest smiles? "Don't let/ the green grass fool yuh." Message from the soul of some truly ironic film director, I hope. Regardless, the spot is a classic.

Guess what Atlantic records executive was in the audience at the Roy Buchanan concert at Carnegie Hall? Guess what Polydor records

executive wasn't! Guess what record company didn't tape the event? Guess why not? Guess what local rock critic was pressured into giving up his "producer" status with Buchanan. Guess who's tired of guessing.

Hello. Hello. Grin. Reekers. Are you there? Let us know. And let us know why.

All the big papers say it was sweetness and light at the Stones Concert. Yet, others tell me there were instances of cops kicking ass and dumbos freaks baiting cops. Let's hear of your bad trip at RFK. During this "Remember RFK" Democratic Convention. The best horror story receives a Marlo Thomas Doll.

Do you realize Dr. John, Rod Stewart and the Faces played the Wheaton Community Center? And Captain Beefheart and Ry Cooder did a show at the Virginia Theater? Where's your civic pride, eh? Three Jay Cee cheers for B.R. "Heyy, I'll be they-urrrrrrrr!"

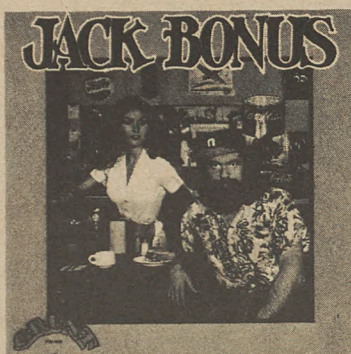
Why is Crank in Colorado? Were they Bill and Taffy'ed into it? I guess. They'd rather be.

Why do big rock promoters in this area drive huge silver Mercedes limosines with venetian blinds and hire bald-headed body guards to Mr. Clean them form roller rink to the Kennedy Center? And why don't we realize this is where rock and roll is really at?



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Nevertheless, truckin' on was inevitable since monsters are kinetically inclined and thus build up a tremendous momentum. But even monsters gotta play the not-so-occasional weird gig so passing the months by meant doing things like a week at the Miami Playboy Club or the First Annual Elm Valley Rotary Club Convention.

Oh yeah, something happened during the time mentioned in the last paragraph and the time referred to in the next one and they changed their name to Blue Oyster Cult.

As the story goes, Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records and a man who has signed a few clams to the company, heard the Cult and was so impressed (this before Volkswagens were introduced to astronauts) that he signed the group to the largest contract since Santana.

So, some studio time, some manufacturing and some paper work later, Clive and Co. unleash this momentous monster on the unsuspecting public via an album simply called Blue Oyster Cult and this is where I come in.

Now, the album looks innocent enough, though a bit spacy for a company as notoriously grounded as Columbia Records. A quick look at the song titles results in a fast double-take and a minor re-evaluation as to where Clive's head is at. Ask Clive why he signed the group and he may well answer, "I really don't know, they just have that something!" And we all know THAT something is close enough for rock 'n' roll.

So you buy the album and put it on the turntable, completely innocent of the major transformation you are about to undergo. The pick hits that first note and there is no turning back — your mind has been hijacked and freedom is farther than just a shot away.

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WORKIN

Mike Hogan

Back about February the anticipation for a certain album from Columbia Records, which I had been looking forward to for some time, climaxed with the first release of a group from Long Island calling themselves Blue Oyster Cult. At least that's what they're calling themselves these days since the group is presently in its third incarnation.

Their first recorded incarnation was as the Stalk Forrest and even though then, as now, they were a band with chaos at its core, the difference is that back then they weren't quite on top of it (the underside of chaos being fuzzy, grey and scaly). For instance, one gig had them playing the student union building at N.Y.U. when, after less than a bar into the opening tune, the cops announced that there'd been a bomb threat and everyone had to leave the building. No one thought to bring an extension cord for the band so Richard Meltzer jerked around telling stories.

Well, the Stalk Forrest cut a single back then and since you and I, and practically everybody else never even heard of it, it was not exactly well known. How to plummet from unknown to obscure was their secret and they made no secret about it. But breaking up and disappearing when no one would miss them anyway wasn't their style, so with not a discouraging word from Sandy Pearlman, ex-Crawdaddy consort, the band aid was administered.

Roundabout the turn of the decade — 1969 — they were still located in Long Island, but with apparent intentions of altering their collective karma, they had doubled the syllables in their name and changed the spelling to Soft White Underbelly.

Already having managed to attract the mystery of Sandy Pearlman's awareness as well as the dubiously delightful attention of Richard Meltzer, the esoterically inclined Wonderlush, they further found themselves to be of interest to the Elektra wizard, Jac Holzman. Yeah, Elektra was interested. . . . interested enough to record an entire album, but (apparently Elektra didn't have the balls then that it has now) not quite interested enough to release that album.

I've only seen two reviews of this album — one called the group a "boogie beast" and the other swore that the album was capable of killing. I have to agree wholeheartedly with both. You just better pray that the needle doesn't get stuck and start skipping while you're boogying.

Entire sets of lyrics are rather difficult to catch. The best you can do is to piece together references to Altamont, cities on flame with rock and roll, she's as beautiful as a foot (lyrics compliments of — in return for proportional royalties, of course — Wonderlush), stairway to the stars, and transmaniacon mc.

The album is overtly sinister, but what makes it especially frightening is that, conceptually, it is so precisely perfect (except for buried lyrics) that one assumes that there is a studied deliberateness to its purpose.

So, after absorbing about twenty playings of the album and happily having the jade blasted away from my ears, word came down that this same group would be playing, of ALL places, Constitution Hall.

A good, well-balanced rock program is the exception to the rule. By tradition, concerts around here have been pretty lopsided, although the Alexis Korner-King Crimson-Humble Pie concert had an interestingly English balance to it.

This was no exception, balance was on vacation once again. Boone's Farm opened the show claiming to be a country band, but after about one and a half acoustic numbers they went electric and claimed to be a rock 'n' roll band. They were mediocre: the lead singer a black dude, came on like a revival leader; the lead guitarist, while well-miked, had riffs and moves that any average guitarist would cop from someone he thought was neat. The way the bass player was amplified is the way people get headaches, and the drummer, well, who could see the drummer?

A short wait for Blue Oyster Cult. This is a group that I really expected a lot of nice theatrics from, but what I got was second-hand Alice Cooper from the lead singer, borderline manic-ego from the bass player, and imitation Arthur Brown/Chubby Checker from the drummer. The lead guitarist and organ player both appeared to be normal. So much for visuals. Musically, I had that sinking feeling that some of us get when a group we're really high on fucks up in concert. I honestly thought that here was a group that could and would be as powerful in person as they were on record, but they weren't. They WERE loud and at first they seemed to be going in at least four bizarre directions at once, pure chaos. Eventually they straightened out and the various directions fell into patterns of recognizable songs from the album, though still remaining overly loud and unpolished. The organ wasn't mixed properly with the rest of the sound and the demolishing beauty of Eric Bloom's stun guitar was disappointingly absent, but despite the faults, numerous as they were, the group was very impressive by grace of the intelligence of the direction their music moved in.

As far as Quicksilver was concerned, let me put it this way: the reviewer for the Post left early, the reviewer for The Colonial Times wasn't even there, and as far as I'm concerned, Quicksilver, alias the obnoxious Dino Valente, is a band of gyys, see.

And the poor reviewer for the Star, thinking he could give them a go, only made it through three songs.

LONGHAIR

YOUTH ORCHESTRA DEBUT

By Louis C. Fantasia

The Fourth of July is the traditional time for fireworks, picnics and band concerts. The Wolf Trap American University Academy for the Performing Arts chose it as its time to introduce the Academy National Youth Orchestra.

This might have been a mistake. Not because the orchestra played badly — which it really didn't — but because the audience at Wolf Trap wasn't really too terribly interested in what was being done on stage. Perhaps a concert of Sousa and Johann Strauss, and not Della Joio, Toch and Cesar Franck would have been more appropriate for this crowd.

Frisbees were flying, kids screaming, mothers and those Peter Pan-costumed attendants were chasing and shouting after stray dogs and children and — what else — the bus with the orchestra from Washington was lost and late.

Generous applause greeted the young group of seventy-five musicians from twenty-eight states, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia (all but two of the eight double bass players are from D.C.). They very quickly and very professionally hustled themselves on stage, sat down and tuned. Music Director Izler Solomon, the conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony, trotted briskly out and the concert was under way.

It is always difficult to perform when you are not psychologically set. And this was more than amply proved in the performance of Ernst Toch's *Pinnocchio Overture*. Entrances and intonation were ragged and the piece, which is a fugatta-based curtain raiser, didn't come across with the brilliance and the security it needs to make all the razzle-dazzle writing come off.

Things fared considerably better in Norman Della Joio's *New York Profiles*. This is a suite of four short sections describing the *Cloisters*, *The Park*, *Tomb* (General Grant's, of course) and last but not least, *Little Italy*. The writing ranges from intimate little soli and duets for the woodwinds and brass (most of which was lost to the crowd noise) to some very vigorous string writing. From what I could hear, this orchestra seems to have very solid players in almost every position, although the strings do lack some depth.

After intermission the podium was replaced with one of proper height, nerves of the orchestra players were obviously steadied and the Great Mysterious Voice of Wolf Trap asked those noisemakers in the audience to please behave.

With all that, the orchestra and Maestro Solomon re-appeared and took off into the Franck D Minor Symphony and gave it an exceptionally strong and lyric reading. I think that this — and not the first half of the concert — is the indicator one should use to judge the future of the summer with this group. Let's just say that they played like pros: solid attacks, good intonation, the whole thing; especially an idea of what the music and the conductor were trying to say. No heads were buried deep into the printed page. Everyone on stage was very much alive with the idea of music-making.

HEAVY ORGAN

By John Burgess

One of the finest ways I know of beating the miserable summer weather of Washington is to go out to Wolf Trap Farm Park. Not only does one escape from the heat and humidity, but one is almost certain of enjoying the finest of musical productions.

On July 2nd, Virgil Fox and Pablo Lights, collectively known as "Heavy Organ," played to a full house. The evening was comfortably cool; the music even cooler. Fox played a completely Bach program in one of the most powerful performances I've ever heard. Starting with the *Fantasy & Fugue in C Minor*, he continued through such delights as *Arioso in A Flat Major*, *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desire*, *In Thee Is Joy*, *Sheep May Safely Graze*, *Toccata & Fugue in D Minor*, and the *Pascalia & Double Fugue in G Minor*. The only adequate adjective for the music is "perfect."

Unfortunately, the perfection of the music was not complemented in other areas. Perhaps the gravest fault lay in Fox's monologues. Instead of giving introductions to the pieces, Fox brought forth some of the most boring — actually tedious — drivel I've yet to hear. Frequently he neglected to give the titles of the pieces, often he came close to distracting from them with his inane "Jesus-freak raps." I would have preferred that he just play straight through them, without any discussion whatsoever.

Too, Pablo Lights frequently obstructed the music. As much as I enjoy light shows, I found the limited vocabulary of effects to come close

to disrupting the symmetry of the music.

I also have a question. When people purchase lawn seating, don't they ever consider the possibility of rain? There was a great deal of needless hassle with people moving out of the rain into temporarily vacated seats during the intermission. Come on, people, think.

Even though there were these incidental causes for complaint, Virgil Fox and his Heavy Organ produce one of the finest programs of Bach available. By the way, in case you missed the show on the 2nd, Heavy Organ will be back at Wolf Trap on the 14th of July, this due to a cancellation by Paul Anka. I do urge you to go out and see the show and hear the power of thousands of watts of electric organ playing the best music. What better way of celebrating the fall of the Bastille? Go out and have fun.

DANCE

By Beth Burkhardt

Currently in D.C. for a residency through July 21 are two contemporary modern dancers and their companies: Bella Lewitzky from California and Viola Farber from New York City. These two performers and their companies are the basis for the first half of a Summer-long series of teaching and performing sponsored by the Wolf Trap Academy for the Performing Arts at American University. This first session of performances is held throughout the city — on the Smithsonian Mall, in the Washington Cathedral and on the American University campus, as well as at the Wolf Trap Filene Center. With the variety of performing arenas, these artists have designed programs to fit the environments. The prices range from free to three dollars. [See the Calendar of Delights for time and place of performances. The total program spans eight weeks and is subject to additions and refinements, so for any questions call 686-2249 or 2295.]

The two companies are very similar in their function and in their asceticism. The dancers function as extensions of the singular choreographers who give the companies their names. In both cases the artistic director-choreographer has developed a superb personal style which is the signature of the company. However, the individual dancers within the company are given little room for personal expression. This was my strong impression after seeing Viola Farber's concert at the Filene Center last month and the reaction of Marcia Marks to Bella Lewitzky's concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Fall, as reported in December's *Dance Magazine*. However, seeing Viola herself can be a very personal occasion. If you cannot understand the content of her message, you can tune in to the form.

She dances with a strong conviction bridging the moments when her message becomes obscure. Unfortunately, her company does not appear to understand the abstruse simplicity that motivates her and they cannot unhinge their bodies in the special way their creator does. This apparent unhinging of her body and a corresponding use of disjointed pauses and movements seems to be the essence of her message. You feel these moments every day in the awkward silences in conversations or in the incongruous familiarity of pressing your body against strangers in an elevator.

Bella Lewitzky is fifty-six and Viola Farber is approximately the same age if you can tell from a photograph. The point is that they have long been deeply involved in dance and, because of that, have evolved a perspective that no twenty-five year-old artist can command.

The second session of the Wolf Trap program begins July 22 and runs through August 20, featuring in residence Erick Hawkins and company and the Dance Theater Workshop of New York. They will be teaching courses in such specialties as stage design and lighting, movement and aesthetic workshop and improvisation; all may be taken for graduate or undergraduate college credit. Also offered as a special course through the American University Program is "Dance Criticism," taught by Deborah Jowitt, Dance Critic for the *Village Voice*.

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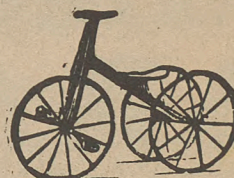
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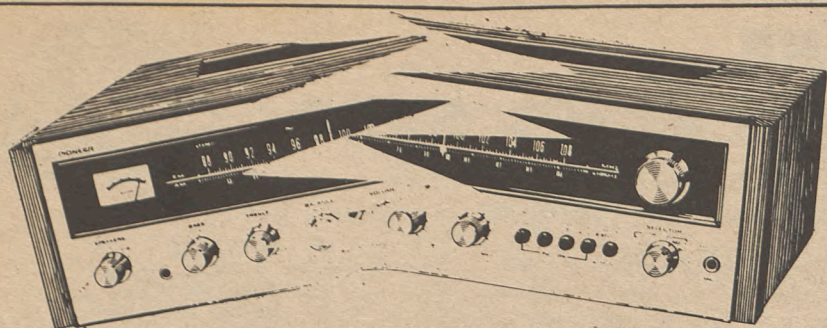
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PERFORMANCE

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
Kennedy Center Opera House

Ever since the record was released in this country, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR has been a popular piece of contemporary music. In the spring of 1971, an enterprising young man staged the first fully theatrical presentation of the work by Webber and Rice at the Diadem Restaurant and Dinner Theater. The impact of the presentation was immediate, it was also doomed to chaos. The music rights were in the hands of the authors and their agents, but no dramatic rights had ever been established. One of the two authors saw the production at the Diadem and was impressed. It was amateurish in many respects, well... in most respects; but it did demonstrate the theatrical possibilities. So, this production was closed and, as you probably know, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR as a Broadway show opened last fall to the most controversial reactions of the season. It was staged by Tom O'Horgan who directed HAIR and LENNY and a number of other wildly outrageous works, and it seems set for a good, long, healthy run in New York. A west coast version opens this month in Los Angeles at a new 5,000-plus seat amphitheater.

Being within such a short distance of New York, the chances of a touring company bringing the Broadway SUPERSTAR to Washington anytime soon is rather remote, so they have brought us the "authorized" presentation, as they so enigmatically put it. It's now playing at the Opera House of the Kennedy Center. It is by far, the most successful presentation of the work Washington has yet seen. It is heavily dramatic, going for the characterizations and relationships in the piece rather than merely for the music. Damon Evans, a black actor with many years of experience behind him, brings a tremendous amount of power to the part of Jesus Christ, and displays his frustration and anger at the

people around him, but little else. Though some of the staging (such as Christ's being mauled by the masses), wasn't effective because of the microphone stands, and other concert apparatus, the impact of the story was effective. Richard Kim Milford, another actor with a long resume, plays Judas with conviction, but with more hysteria than I found useful. Judy Kaye singing the role of Mary Magdalene was outstanding, practically stopping the show with her performance of "I Don't Know How To Love Him," Kris Johnson, for whom the program gave no bio, did stop the show with "King Herod's Song." As usual, it was played camp, but it was performed with more invecive, with more slash and fury behind the funky fey than I've ever seen before, and thus richly deserved the audience's approval. The rest of the performances ranged from okay to excellent. The orchestra was capably handled, and the lighting gave the quasi-concert atmosphere more theatrically than it normally would have. The material has been altered from the original record version. Transitions have been smoothed out. Yet there's still the sense of song following song, with a few record grooves in between so the needle can find the right place. But as a whole, this version looks and works marvelously well. In fact, the production is so solidly effective, that the banalities of the lyrics and the stupidities of the material are, in many cases, shown for what they really are. I'd like to see Webber and Rice do something else, just to see if this "tangent" of the arts could be completely successful in its own right. As it is though, you'll get every ounce of theater out of this production of JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. You can't help but respond. It is at times overwhelming, at times lyrical, and, at times even dazzling. It's worth a look see.

by Jay Alan Quantrill

BOOKS

ECOTAGE ed. Sam Love & David Obst
Pocket Books, \$1.25, (paper)

Chopping down billboards in the middle of the night? Mailing a quantity of soot to a utility company when you pay the light bill? "Wrecking up" highway construction equipment? These are some of the ideas collected by Environmental Action, a Washington-based group, during their first National Contest in Ecotage.

Ecotage? That's a term used to describe and include virtually any kind of environmental activism. And Environmental Action, which publishes a magazine of the same name, has presented some of the results of this contest in a recent paperback book.

Why? Well, to express frustration, according to the book's editors. It seems that corporate polluters are getting away with murder (perhaps literally) while our government does nothing and while most of our citizens don't recognize (or don't want to admit) the dangers involved in fouling the national nest.

Scattered acts of vandalism in defense of the environment may not accomplish much, but then no one's promising miracles from Ecotage. Indeed, the editors of the book consider these practices as attempts to release anger on the part of the aware public, and to spur the unaware public to some kind of environmental consciousness.

The real action comes if and when legal and political forces can be convinced to join in preserving what's left of the country.

Accepting this qualification, there are few grounds on which to criticize this book. Some of the contributor's suggestions (purported to be the "best" of over a thousand entries received) are silly, but the editors admit that.

Corporate-head-turned-author Robert Townsend (the UP THE ORGANIZATION man) gives the book a typically outspoken introduction, but lately Townsend has been plugging almost every book about the craziness and perversion of American business, so his support here is no surprise.

There is occasional stumbling across differences of resolve and purpose, as when the editors advise "Ecotage should never be used to harass the individual who is trapped in a

system," only to be countermanded by a contributor (contestant?) on p. 59 who advocates telephone harassment to "drive secretaries... up the wall." Or when Townsend's advocacy of mass transit is matched up against the gentleman on p. 92 who is angered at the smell of bus exhaust - even going so far as to hint that the vehicle's drivers purposely accelerate when they pass him, knowing how much the extra fumes will annoy this particular victim.

Occasionally, the reader may find some difficulty in choosing sides. For example, when the writer on p. 99 suggests slapping bumper stickers marked "This vehicle is a polluter" on unsuspecting cars, some of us automobile owners may smart at being singled out for such honors, especially when each of us knows it's the other guy and his oil-burning junker that's responsible for all problems relating to the auto.

Ecotage has even turned out its own folk hero. He's "The Fox," an Illinois resident who fiendishly engages in plugging industrial drains and dumping bottles of goo in plush corporate offices. A new Robin Hood. The entire book is dedicated to him, in fact.

Ever since the recent discovery of pollution and the advent of concern over ecology, some quarters seemed to be mainly occupied in exploiting these phenomena as a game or fad. "The largest drug chain in the East" now peddles those formerly-exotic "natural" vitamins. A bopper chirps from the radio about how she's found new meaning in life through the use of organic shampoo. Oil companies boost "clean air" and "detergent" gasolines, and will even plant an occasional shrub to camouflage a service station.

But the world still seems more dirty and less healthy, and none of the above promotions, nor even such books as ECOTAGE, can convince us that something is happening.

When ecology is no longer commercial grist, or Jerry Rubin-style fun and games (as this book frequently seems to view the movement), perhaps only those with serious concern and serious solutions will remain.

Then again, maybe we're all tired of worrying about the problem. April 22 was Earth Day again this year, but where were the crowds? Or even the encouraging words? Was there a statement from Ed Muskie and, if so, did the FBI record it and file it away? Or did everyone just lack interest?

Reviewed by Robert Palmer

COUNTERNOTES

Reviews by Bruce Rosenstein

ALL TOGETHER NOW - Argent - (Epic)

This is Argent's third album, and easily their most accessible. They also would appear to be the beneficiaries of good timing, for now is the time for mass acceptance of (British) keyboard dominated groups. Keith Emerson and Yes's Rick Wakeman never had the field to themselves, though it may have seemed that way, because in his own right, Rod Argent has as much to offer.

If Argent's first album, released in 1970, were to be released today, it would no doubt be accepted more readily. Their second, RING OF HANDS, wasn't much, but they've bounced back with ALL TOGETHER NOW. It is a very likeable album, but with reservations, mainly being the lack of a cohesiveness among the cuts and an overall group sound. They too often sound like other groups; "Hold Your Head Up" reminds the listener of Yes. "He's A Dynamo," strange as it may seem, is very reminiscent of Jo Jo Gunne; "Tragedy" is actually a rocked-up soul number, with "Shaft"-y guitar intro straight out of WOOK fare; and "Keep On Rollin'" is a barrelhouse piano song.

However, the performances on all the songs are so strong it usually makes up for the shifting of style. "Be My Lover Be My Friend," probably the best cut on the album, is an excellent organ-guitar rock tune, and "Pure Love" shows Argent at its most ambitious, moving from a gloomy classical organ solo by Rod to some Yes-like classical rock and it goes into, of all things, a rousing rock-blues wailer - and then back to the classical organ in the finale, all spanning 13 minutes.

I find this moving from rock to classical to blues to barrelhouse a bit unsettling; although this may have been the group's intention. It seems like Argent is finally making it, and especially after that injustice that Three Dog Night did to "Liar," from the first LP, I'm glad that people are finally turning-on to the real thing.

EAGLES - (Asylum)

Being talented helps a band; having talented friends to help you makes things even better. Eagles luckily have a lot going for them in both categories; in the latter especially, mainly in the person of Jackson Browne. First off, Eagles features Bernie Leadon, ex-Flying Burrito Brothers, on guitar, Randy Meisner, ex-Poco and Rick Nelson, on bass, and two fine Los Angeles musicians, Glenn Fry and Don Henley.

Jackson Browne has written two absolute MOTHERFUCKERS for Eagles' debut LP. You've all - no doubt - heard "Take It Easy" by now, a perfect single, a song that follows you around all day, on the radio of just in your head. I don't know how many times I've sung it to myself. "Nightingale" should be the follow-up, because it's similar to "Take It Easy," with Browne's style showing all over it.

Although their background is primarily country music, Eagles is collectively a rock band, with some country here and there. "Train Leaves Here This Morning," which Leadon co-authored with Gene Clark, "Earlybird" and "Peaceful Easy Feeling" all dip into country, but the others are rock, my favorites (besides the two Browne's) being "Chug All Night" and "Witchy Woman."

With a name like Eagles, you would think that this group wasn't meant to last, but by the sound of their debut LP, they'll be around as long as they want.

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN - Brownsville Station (Big Tree)

I was quite disappointed upon first listening to A NIGHT ON THE TOWN. In fact, I didn't listen again for at least a month. You see, I was spoiled by their killer first album from 1970, a classic in the rejuvenated old rock 'n' roll genre. It seems that Brownsville had degenerated into hard rock jive. Well, I've been listenin' to it a lot more lately, and I not only know for sure that it's a lot of hard rock jive, but it's also one of my favorite albums at the moment.

I've found out that you've just got to accept them for what they are now, not what they used to be or could have been. They're not old rock 'n'

roll now, they're into hard rock and a little countrified rock. They're not ambitious at all, they're not innovative, they're not too proficient on their axes, but they are highly entertaining. "Rock With The Music" is a mountain-moving hard rock song to open things up, and there are two other gems on side one, "Lovin' Lady Lee" and "Mister Robert," a knockout piece of advice to a certain rock artist named Robert to "get up off a lot better than Link's last album. It's rock, not your ass and move." Supposedly the song is not about Mr. Dylan, but then who? Bob Seegar? Bob Weir? Bobby Whitlock? Bob Korycansky?

Side two is not as strong, but "Wanted (Dead Or Alive)" and "Country Flavor" are good enough to grace most good hard rock albums, and even the thoroughly annoying, obnoxious "The Man Who Wanted More (Saints Rock and Roll)" is justifiable.

It's unfortunate that more people didn't get to hear their great single from last summer, "That's Fine," the last thing they did for Warner Brothers; maybe Big Tree will buy the rights to it and put it out again, because it deserves to be a hit. Brownsville Station is not totally high energy, (they're no MCS, that's for sure) but they're worth listening to, and they'll show you a good time.

BIG BAMBU - Cheech & Chong - (Ode)

Cheech and Chong are not to be missed live. I was in constant hysterics all through their recent set at the Cellar Door. They put on an incredibly powerful show, and much of the impact is visual. That is where BIG BAMBU suffers. Many of the bits in their live show at the Cellar Door are on the album, but partly from already hearing them once and partly from the lack of visual contact, it pales considerably in comparison. If I hadn't seen them live first I would have found many of the bits here less funny, because now they mainly serve as reminders of the live show.

Some of the routines here are really good, like "Let's Make A Dope Deal," "Right On Washington" and "Laid Back Lenny," (in "Un-American Bandstand"), but some of it, like "Sister Mary Elephant" and "Ralph and Herbie" is just not funny.

Incidentally, they again delve into some black humor on this album on "Street of New York or Los Angeles or . . ." and it is much better than their attempt on the first album. But on the whole the album is not as good as the first, easily iridescent, and it proves that records are just not an effective medium for this type of comedy.

OUT BACK MUSIC - John Van Horn - (Mercury)

It's possible that this is about the most rural rock album ever made. It's practically unchallengeable for sheer funk.

Van Horn formerly was rhythm guitarist in a Link Wray's band, and his first album gets to me main part of OUT BACK MUSIC is imagery of country life, and very strong and vivid imagery. None of this fake "gotta-get-back-to-the-country-the-city's-bringin'-me-down" popstar bullshit. Van Horn's got a lyric writer named K. Fitzmorris who gives us unforgettable lines like, in "Mountain Mamma," "Her body is outstanding/outstanding 'fore the shack/You know she's made her living/bouncing on her back." Van Horn punctuates it all with laughs and asides and he sounds like he's having himself a lot of fun.

Mercury should consider releasing "D. Brown" of "Sunday Crossroads" as a single; they'd sound great on a car radio.

OUT BACK MUSIC is an album of authentic American rock music, the kind of album that couldn't be recorded in some big fancy New York City studio. Some people like Delaney Bramlett and Leon Russell would do well to listen to the album to remind themselves what funk really is.



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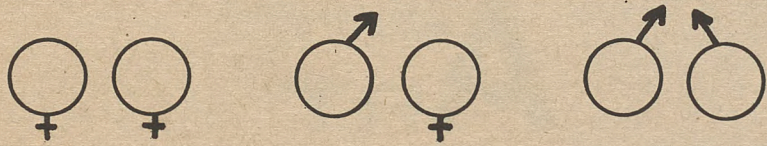
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AN ORGANIC Arts and Crafts Festival is being planned for August 18 through 20 by the "Friends of Stonehenge," a newly-formed cooperative. The Stonehenge people haven't decided on a site, but possibilities include: Shanandoah National Forest; Reston, Va. or Columbia, Md.; a farm near Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. The group is considering charging a fee for individual and group participants, probably \$25 for groups and \$10 for individuals, but this is not set yet either. "Friends of Stonehenge" hopes that exhibitors of arts and crafts as well as organic foods, will participate in the festival. A tentative schedule of activities includes: Thurs., arrival and unifying exercises (yoga, chanting, meditation); Fri., official opening, exhibits forums; Sat., group yoga, exhibitions, poetry reading, "mellow" music; Sun., the same as Saturday plus a buffet feast, awards, and "blessing the land." Monday will be devoted to "restoration of the land used." If you want to know more, contact Friends of Stonehenge, 4208 Chesapeake St. NW, D.C. 20010; phone 966-6517; or Ed Costanza, Box 65, Cross Junction, Va. 22625; phone (after 10 p.m.) (703) 888-3503.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS at the Folger Library include liturgy by Erasmus and a 1930 illustrated German edition of "Hamlet." The Erasmus acquisition is a small octavo volume containing several treatises, and the *Virginis matris apud Lauretum cultae Liturgia*, a Mass published in 1523 by Erasmus and written at the request of Theobald Bietricius. It is apparently the first Mass ever composed for the cult of the Virgin of Loreto. The illustrated "Hamlet" was presented to the Library by the Friends of the Folger on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Library. The gift is the Cranach Press edition published at Weimar, Germany, in 1930 on the private press of Count Harry Kessler. The woodblock illustrations were designed and cut by Edward Gordon Craig. The type was designed by Edward Johnston after the blackletter used by Fust and Schoeffer in the Mainz Psalter of 1457. The edition was limited to 322 copies for sale; however, the copy presented to the Folger bears the typeset notation: "This copy is not for sale, it was printed for Count Harry Kessler." The Elizabethan Theatre and Exhibition Halls of the Folger are open from 10 am to 4:30 pm, every day during the summer. The Library is located at 201 East Capitol St.

In Your Own Backyard

LITHOGRAPHS of Adolph Dehn (1895 - 1968) are being exhibited at the June 1 Gallery through August 5. Most of the lithographs in the exhibit are from the 1940's, and range in subject from mountain scenes and interpretations of Central Park to social satire, Haiti and Key West. Dehn's print, "Man From Orizaba," was chosen by the Encyclopedia Britannica as one of the illustrations for their article on lithography. Some of Dehn's own comments regarding his work include: "When the eye, the heart, and the brain, and the hand merge into a spontaneous gesture, you have drawing." When asked how a camera can compare to sketching, he said, "When in the very act of drawing I am able to feel at one with my subject, the life around me becomes my own as I draw. In turn I give my own subjective interpretation to my scene." June 1 Gallery is located at 2647 Connecticut Ave., NW. Gallery hours are 11 am to 6 pm, Tues. through Sat.

"DAY BY DAY," a song from the rock musical "Godspell," currently at Ford's Theater, has made the hit single charts in all three trade papers, making it the first original cast version of a show tune to achieve hit status since the 1940's. "Godspell," which is based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew, opened about a year ago off-Broadway. Since then, there have been productions of the play in Boston, Los Angeles, London, Australia, and, of course, here. The original cast album won a Grammy Award for the best show

album in 1971, and for many months was the only original cast LP on the U.S. charts. The album and the single, "Day By Day," also made the British charts within three weeks of release there. The play is being made into a motion picture by Columbia.

LUTHER BROADIE, former director of youth programs at St. Stephens and the Incarnation, presented a one-man show entitled, "Color and Motion in Nonobjective Art," at the Glenn Dale Hospital on July 9. Broadie is presently taking part in the rehabilitation program at the hospital after sustaining a spinal cord injury. The exhibit was the first public showing of Broadie's work, which is said to be inspired by Jackson Pollock. Broadie, 27, began experimenting with enamel paints in 1966, producing a collection of nonobjective paintings mainly concerned with color and motion. While at St. Stephens, Broadie designed marquees for the Back Alley Theater. Previously, he was with the United Planning Organization.

MEET THE STAFF of WOODWIND at the first Grok concert of the season, Sunday, July 16, at P Street Beach. WOODWIND is sponsoring an arts and crafts exhibit at the concert, and the staff will be on exhibit, too. If you're interested in showing your work at the rock concerts which are being held on alternate Sundays throughout the summer, call 965-9650.

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SOUND BY JERICHO

SUNDAY, JULY 16

JACK BONUS
SKY COBB
ZOOT

SUNDAY, JULY 23

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE
GRITS
BABE

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6

CAPTAIN BEYOND
FOG HAT
ITCHY BROTHER

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13

EMMY LOU HARRIS
LIZ MEYER
WYOMING STREET BAND

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27

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EUCLID M^CPERSON
CHEEK
SKIN & BONE

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ART
FAIR

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AND DISPLAY IT -
THE MORE PEOPLE
THE BETTER!

3PM - 7PM

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN SHOULD BEGIN SETTING UP ONE HOUR BEFORE

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

MUSIC

Brewer and Shipley; Cellar Door; 337-3389
 Emmy Lou Harris; Childe Harold; 483-6702
 Country Line; Maryland Inn, Annapolis; 932-8520
 Dave Brubeck Quartet w/ Gerry Mulligan; Wolf Trap;
 8:30 pm; (703) 938-3800
 Roy Buchanan & the Snake Stretchers; My Mother's Place;
 296-0706
 Smokey Robinson, Jr. Walker, Martha Reeves; Carter Baron
 Amphitheater, 783-2300
 Ramsey Lewis; Potomac Watergate Theater; 8:30; free;
 296-7249
 Rockville Symphony Orchestra; Montgomery College,
 Rockville, 8 pm, free
 National Symphony Orchestra & Ramsey Lewis Trio;
 Watergate, 8 pm
 Folksingers; Brickskeller; 293-1885
 Donal Leace; Mr. Henry's, Georgetown; 9:30 - 2 am
 337-4334
 Wayne Feeds; Fort Reno Park; 7 - 9 pm; free; 426-6700

FILMS

Sorrow & the Pity; Outer Circle I; 244-3116
 Bluegrass, Country, Soul; Inner Circle; 337-4470
 Sympathy For The Devil; Cerberus 3; 337-1311
 Cabaret; Janus 1; 232-8900
 Butterflies are Free; Fine Arts Theater; 223-4438
 The Great Dictator (Charlie Chaplin); Dupont; 785-2300
 Design Films - Design & Man; Grand Salon; Renwick
 Gallery; continuous showings from 11 am - 2:30 pm

EVENTS

Torchlight Tatoo - military pageant of horses & cannons;
 Jefferson Memorial; 8:30 pm; free; 426-6975
 Poetry & Jazz; Iguana Coffee House; 667-1377
 The Marvelous Land of Oz; Smithsonian Puppet Theater;
 11, 12, & 1 pm; children \$1.00, adults \$1.25

THURSDAY, JULY 13

MUSIC

Brewer & Shipley (see July 12)
 County Line (see July 12)
 Ray Buchanan (see July 12)
 Smokey Robinson, and others (see July 12)
 Navy Band; Watergate Concert; 8:30 pm free
 Capitol Flute Consort; Washington Cathedral; 8 pm, free
 966-3500
 Liz Meyer; Childe Harold
 Folksingers (see July 12)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass country Soul (see July 12)
 Cabaret (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Ogunremi and Nigerian Dancers & Singers; River Terrace, NE
 8:30 pm free 629-7249
 Radio Free Women hosted by Jaunita Weaver; WGTB Radio
 90.1 FM 2:30-3:30; 625-4237
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)

FRIDAY, July 14

MUSIC

Brewer & Shipley (see July 12)
 Country Line (see July 12)
 Virgil Fox - Heavy Organ - Wolf Trap
 National Symphony Orchestra; Kennedy Center Concert Hall
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Smokey Robinson and others (see July 12)
 Robert Flack; Hampton Roads Colliseum \$6-\$4
 Air Force Band; Watergate; 8:30 ; free
 Liz Meyer (see July 13)
 Viola Farber & Co. Leonard Gym, A.U. 8:30 \$4.50
 Big Show of 1936 w/ Ben Blue, Cass Daley, Jackie Coogan,
 The Inkspots, and others; Merriweather Post Pavillion;
 8:30; \$2.50 - \$5.50; 95302424
 Hootenanny, Brickskeller, upstairs; 293-1885
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Cabaret (see July 11)
 Butterflies are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Poetry & Jazz (see July 12)
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)

SATURDAY, JULY 15

MUSIC

Brewer & Shipley (see July 12)
 Country Line (see July 12)
 National Symphony (see July 14)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Smokey Robinson, and others (see July 12)
 Homestead; Falls Church Community Center
 Liz Meyer (see July 13)
 Farrante & Teicher; Wolf Trap; 8:30

Nootenany (see July 14)

Donal Leace (see July 12)

Babe; Fort Reno Park; 7-9pm; free

EVENTS

Poetry & Jazz (see July 12)
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)

SUNDAY, JULY 16

MUSIC

Hootenanny; Cellar Door; Live on WGTB 90.1 FM
 Country Line (see July 12)
 Philippine American Welfare Fund Benefit Concert
 Dennedy Center Concert Hall; 245-3600
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Arlo Guthrie; Merriweather Post Pavillion, 2pm \$4-\$6.50
 Del Reeves, Nat Stuckey & Bobby Stephenson; Culpepper Va.
 advance \$3, gate \$4; (703) 273-9150
 Grok Concert; P Street Beach 3-7pm
 Rock Revival; Rogue & Jar, 1814 N St. NW
 Marine Band; Watergate; 8:30; free
 The National Symphony Orchestra; Wolf Trap; 8:30
 Jam Session; Hourney Inn; 3pm-midnight 333-5532
 Hootenanny (see July 14)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Cabaret (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Grok Concert's Arts & Crafts Exhibit 3pm-7pm; P St. Beach
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)
 Bella Leitzky; Smithsonian Mall; 8 pm

MONDAY JULY 17

MUSIC

Dick Gregory; Cellar Door
 Procol Harum & Eagles; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8pm;
 \$4-\$6; 254-3600
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack, Donny Hathaway; Carter Baron Amphitheater
 A.U. Academy National Youth Orchestra; Wolf Trap
 Folksingers (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Cabaret (see July 11)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Radio Free Women (see July 13)
 Art Bauman of Dnace Theater Workshop; Washington Cathedral

MONDAY, JULY 17

MUSIC

Dick Gregory (see July 17)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Robert Flack, Donny Hathaway (see July 16)
 National Symphony Orchestra (see July 16)
 Medieval Music - Dupont Circle Consortium; Washington
 Cathedral; 8pm
 Folksingers (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Sountry Soul (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

TUESDAY, JULY 18

MUSIC

Dick Gregory (see July 16)
 Emmy Lou Harris (see July 12)
 National Symphony Orchestra (see July 14)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack, Donny Hathaway (see July 16)
 Folksingers (see July 12)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)
 Liz Meyer; Fort Reno Part; 7-9pm; free

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)
 Design Films (see July 12)

EVENTS

Poetry & Jazz (see July 12)
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)

THURSDAY, JULY 20

MUSIC

Dick Gregory (see July 17)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack (see July 17)
 Navy Band (see July 13)
 DC Youth Orchetra, Lyn McLain; Washington Cathedral 8pm
 Folksingers (see July 12)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Butterflies Aer Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)
 Craative Screen; Lectuer Hall, National Collection of Fine Art
 11am, noone, 1pm

EVENTS

Radio Free Women (see July 13)
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 12)

FRIDAY, JULY 21

MUSIC

Dick Gegory (see July 17)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack, Donny Hathaway (see July 17)
 Air Force Band (see July 14)
 Hootenanny (see July 14)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see Jly 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Poetry & Jazz (see July 12)
 The Marvelous Land of Oz (see Jly 12)

SATURDAY, JULY 22

MUSIC

Dick Gregory (see July 17)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack, Donny Hathaway (see July 17)
 Bad Finger, McKendree Spring; Kennedy Cneter 8:30pm
 tickets \$1.00-\$6.50
 All-Star Country Jubilee w/ Merle Haggard, George Jones,
 Mwl Tillis, Ray Griff & others; Cole Field HOuse UofM
 \$4-\$6.50; 659-2601
 Hootenanny (see July 14)
 Donal Leace (ese July 12)
 Sky Cobb; Fort Reno Park; 7-9pm; free

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)
 Craative Screen (see Julya 20)

EVENTS

Poetry & Jazz (see July 12)
 Marvelous Land Of Oz (see July 12)

SUNDAY, JULY 23

MUSIC

Dick Gregory (see July 17)
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway (see July 17)
 Grok Concert; P St. Peach (see July 16)
 Rock Revival (see July 16)
 Marine Band (see July 16)
 A.U. National Youth Orchestra (see July 17)
 Jam session (see July 16)
 Hootenanny (see July 14)
 Donal Leace (see July 12)

FILMS

Bluegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)

EVENTS

Arts & Crafts Exhibit at Grok Concerts (see July 16)
 The Marvelous Lnd of Oz (see July 12)

MONDAY, JULY 24

MUSIC

Herbie Hancock; Cellar Door
 Roy Buchanan (see July 12)
 Folksingers (see July 12)

FILMS

BLuegrass Country Soul (see July 12)
 The Great Dictator (see July 12)
 Butterflies Are Free (see July 12)

EVENTS

Radio Free Women (see July 13)

CONCERTS OUT OF THE WASHINGTON AREA

JULY 18

The Grateful Dead; Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, NJ
 7 pm; \$4.50-\$5.50; (201) 433-8151

JULY 23, 9 PM // JULY 30, 9 PM // AUGUST 5 12 Midnight

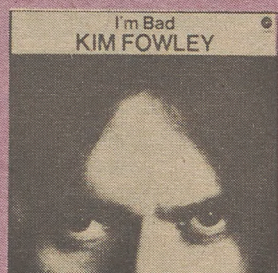
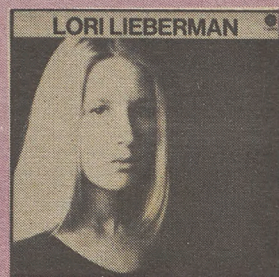
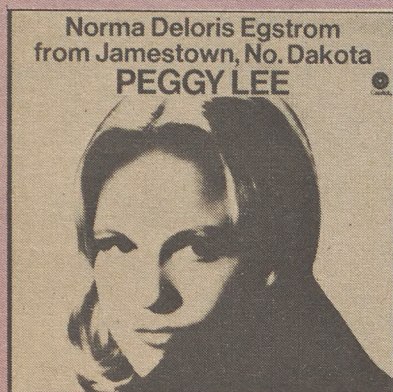
Lincoln Center presents Soul Center at Philharmonic Hall:
 Barbara Ann Teer and The National Black Theater;
 Rahsaan Roland Kirk and The Vibration Society; Nina
 Simone and Quartet /Novella Nelson, Labelle, Donny
 Hathaway/ Jerry Butler Revue; Carmen McRae, Esther
 Phillips; \$3.50 - \$7.50 (212) 644-4400.

JULY 24 - AUGUST 19

Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart and Bach Festival at
 Philharmonic Hall; 26 concerts; \$4.50 (212) 644-4400

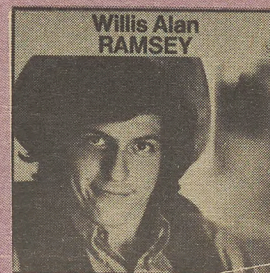
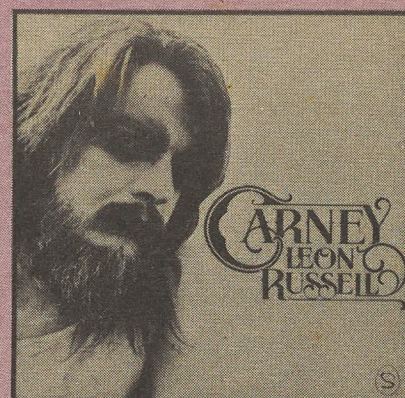
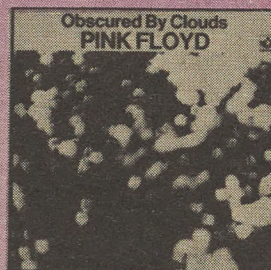
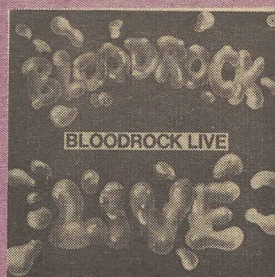
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